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THE WANTS OF LONDON.

THOUGH London is the richest and greatest, and, perhaps, the healthiest city in the world, it is by no means the finest or the most convenient. Its wealth, its population, and its extent are rapidly increasing; but its salubrity and its amenity are neglected and impaired. The larger it grows, the more unwholesome it becomes. The more numerous its population, the more pestiferous is the noble river that ebbs and flows through it. The more active and enterprising its traders and merchants, the more inconvenient are its streets. Wealth is certainly not wanting to render the metropolis as beautiful as it is ugly, and as convenient for locomotion and intercommunication as it is notoriously the reverse. Neither is there any deficiency of willingness on the part of the great mass of the people to aid in the work of improvement. Every one feels and deplores the evils of the congestion under which the olden portions of the metropolis—and more especially the City—that great heart and centre of all—suffer for want of adaptation to the necessities of its enormous traffic, and to the health and comfort of its crowded millions. But no one has sufficient authority to undertake the needful reforms. The new London of Belgravia and Tyburnia may stand comparison for beauty and splendour with any city in the world; but old London and Westminster, with their outlying boroughs of Southwark, Lambeth, the Tower Hamlets, and Finsbury, have positively nothing to recommend them but wealth, extent, and populousness. The wealth is not applied to sanitary improvement or to architectural adornment; while the extent and the populousness are but aggravations of a pre-existing and very serious mischief.

The most urgent wants of London may be classified under four heads:—First,—the want of municipal unity; second,—the want of a system of drainage and sewerage to carry off the refuse of two millions and a half of people without poisoning the Thames, and making it a stream of death, instead of a river of life and beauty; third,—the want of bridges from shore to shore; and, fourth,—the want of a sufficient number of main arterial streets to accommodate the

traffic of the greatest commerce the world ever saw. To supply all these wants is doubtless a matter of difficulty. Yet the difficulty is not insurmountable. The first is simply a question for Legislative decision, and might be settled by any Government that had energy enough to insist upon it. The three others are questions of expense alone, and should not affright a people that has invested so many millions in railways and in steam-ships; and that, out of its plethora of capital, finds money to lend to any State or Government that may be in want of it—that helps to make the canals and railroads of America—that opens up the interior of India—that even made the railways of France to a far greater extent than the French themselves—that buys up Highland hills and Irish bogs—and that will embark in any project, sane or insane, which promises a return of four or five per cent upon the investment.

It is needless to dwell upon the inconveniences that result from the want of municipal unity, or even of municipal federalism, in the government of so mighty a city. Even amid the bustle and excitement of war, should the calamity unfortunately endure for another twelvemonth, time will be found by the Legislature to attend to the recommendations of the late Commission of Inquiry. The old Corporation of London is doomed. Affecting, and affected by, the whole metropolis, the City can no longer be considered as a thing apart. The "Belly" must be taught that its interests are identical with those of the "Members." The great civic "Body" must be one in Government, as it is in fact. The head at Westminster—the hands at Marylebone and Finsbury—and the feet at Southwark and Lambeth—must know themselves to be parts of one whole, and that what is of service to one is beneficial to all; and that the dirt, discomfort, and disease that prevail in one locality are nuisances and dangers to every other. Any Government that shall undertake and accomplish this great work will entitle itself both to fame and to gratitude. Such a victory of peace would not be incompatible with the more uproarious and engrossing victories of war. The people are impatiently anticipating the one, let the present Go-

vernment attempt the other also. If it will, there is but little reason to fear that it will not succeed in it.

The purification of the Thames, which we have classed as the second of the great wants of the metropolis, has become a matter of absolute necessity. The ravages of the cholera prove, in a fearful manner, the deadly mischief which it either produces or aggravates. It is only a question of expense whether the Thames shall not be as limpid and wholesome at Blackfriars-bridge as it is at Chertsey or Maidenhead; and whether there shall not be embanked terraces from Whitehall to Billingsgate, and from Lambeth Palace to the railway termini at Southwark, as imposing in appearance, and as convenient for the traffic, both of business and recreation, as the magnificent *quais* of Paris. Sooner or later these improvements will be effected; and, while the purification of the river will be a direct benefit to the health and comfort of every dweller in the metropolis—and, as such, beyond all price—the embankment and terracement of the Thames will, in all probability, yield a fair percentage of profit to those who may be induced to invest their money in them.

The want of new main streets, and of lines of communication between the main streets already in existence, is a positive disgrace to a community that claims to be at the head of civilisation, and that can justly boast of so many wealthy, enlightened, and public-spirited members. New Cannon-street—for which the Corporation of London deserves high credit—diminishes, but does not remove, the evil. Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street are more inconveniently crowded than ever they were; while the Strand—one of the most important streets in Europe, and a main thoroughfare—has no direct communication with the parallel thoroughfare of Oxford-street and Holborn. The only available means of communication between Fleet-street and Holborn is Chancery-lane, which is too narrow at one end to admit of the passage of two vehicles abreast, and where a vast amount of traffic is often brought to a stand-still by a costermonger's cart, or by a laundress's wheel-barrow. Two wide streets between the



NEW ROUTE TO BELGIUM "THE AQUILA" STEAM-SHIP LEAVING ANTWERP.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Strand and Holborn, and two others between Fleet-street and Holborn; and two, if not three, still wider streets running in parallel lines, so as to relieve Cheapside, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, the Strand, and Holborn, are absolutely essential as conduits to and from the City to the northern and western extremities. We believe it is not the want of money, but the want of authority and jurisdiction, that have so long impeded these improvements. The City, and its government, have nothing to do with Westminster and its requirements, and Westminster has nothing to do with the City. Thus a state of things is continued, with daily-increasing aggravations of mischief, which would not be tolerated by the municipality of any third-rate town that had the power and jurisdiction to provide a remedy.

The bridge communication of London is even more defective. Two out of the six metropolitan bridges are subject to a toll; and look almost as lonely and as melancholy, even in the hey-day of the nineteenth century, as London-bridge, in the prophetic eye of Mr. Macaulay, when he sketched the fancy portrait of that famous New Zealander, who is to meditate and moralise over the ruins of St. Paul's. A third is only a foot-bridge; and a fourth and a fifth are so ricketty and rotten as to require more funds to patch them up from year to year, and almost from day to day, than it would take to build new ones. Thus, five-sixths of the whole traffic of the largest city in the civilised world pours over one bridge—with what dangerous and annoying results every person who has crossed it in carriage, cab, or omnibus, can bear witness. The number of bridges between London and Vauxhall ought, at the very least, to be doubled, and every one of them ought to be toll free. If funds could not otherwise be procured, the whole of London and Middlesex ought to be taxed for the purpose, and a liberal grant of public money should relieve the citizens of some portion of the cost. The whole country is interested, and would be benefited, and should, therefore, aid in the completion of public works of so much magnitude and importance.

Were the reforms thus briefly indicated full and fairly carried out, London would become, what it ought to be, the most beautiful and convenient, as it is already the greatest and most influential, city of the world.

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH ANTWERP.

THE North of Europe Steam Navigation Company, encouraged by the success which has attended their efforts to establish a regular system of communication with the countries north of the Scheldt, via Hull and Lowestoft, and further stimulated by the recent extension of the Eastern Counties branch railway to Harwich, determined on making an attempt to provide equal facilities at that port for the traffic between London on the one hand, and Antwerp on the other. At present the greater portion of this traffic is conveyed by steamers, which traverse the Thames and the Scheldt; the entire journey being performed by water, and usually occupying from eighteen to twenty hours. By adopting the Harwich route, the North of Europe Steam Navigation Company proposed to realise the following results:—First, the avoidance of the long and tedious passage up and down the Thames; second, the increase and development of the local traffic between the Eastern Counties and Belgium; third, the accomplishment of the journey in twelve hours; thus effecting a saving in the distance, measured by time, of some eight or ten hours; and, lastly, the establishment of the new service as essentially a "day" service.

The first trip on this service was taken, in the nature of an experiment, on Saturday week last, the ship selected being the Company's new steamer the *Aquila*, from the building-yard of Henderson, Glasgow, and fitted with engines of 120-horse power, constructed upon the oscillating principle, by M'Nab, of Greenock. Her length is 200 feet, breadth of beam one-tenth of her length, or 20 feet, and her burden about 300 tons. Her engines, for new ones, work with much ease, whilst the unpleasant vibration we so often experience, even in crack steamers, is scarcely perceptible. Both out and home she gave the greatest satisfaction to all on board, and averaged a speed of thirteen knots per hour; and in returning, on the following Tuesday, she passed the buoy at the mouth of the Scheldt at eight o'clock in the evening, steamed gallantly through a tremendous sea, and arrived safely at Harwich at half-past two the next morning, accomplishing the distance from the Scheldt hither in exactly six hours and a half. In this part of the voyage the sea-going qualities of the *Aquila*, under the severest stress of weather, were capitally brought out.

The conclusions to which this experimental trip lead us, are these:—For the purpose of the traffic between London and Antwerp, and certainly all the local traffic, the Harwich route has no real competitor in any of the other existing routes; that during the summer months the day service may be conducted with punctuality both ways, provided the railway arrangements are made compatible with the demands of the service, and, above all, that the Belgian Government can be induced to maintain additional lights, and erect a few more landmarks, in the Scheldt; that, in the existing state of the navigation of that river it presents insuperable obstacles to the project of ascending it at high-water in the evenings of the short winter days; and that until these difficulties are removed the steam-packet company have acted wisely in determining to dispatch their boat from Harwich, on the arrival of the night mail from London, so as to reach Antwerp early on the following morning.

POLICE REFORM IN PARIS.—The *Moniteur* of Tuesday contains a decree for the organisation of the police of Paris on the same footing as that of London, which the Minister of the Interior, in the report to the Emperor on which this decree is founded, says is admirable. The report states that the present police force of Paris consists of only 750 sergeants de ville, of whom 300 are employed on special service; so that the number available for the security of the public at large is only 450. The Minister proposes, and the decree orders, that the number shall be increased to 2900, who shall do duty night and day, by turns, just as it is done in London. The annual cost of this new police, which is to be organised and in full activity before the opening of the Exhibition in May next, will be 5,000,000 francs (about £224,000 sterling); but this (says the Minister) is 3,000,000 of francs less than the cost of the police in London. This may very well be, for London is twice the size of Paris. The new Paris police will have two chiefs, who are to be called Commissaries; but their duties will be very similar to those of the London Commissioners. The difference will be chiefly in the salaries. The Chief Commissary is to have only 10,000 francs a year, and the second Commissary 8000 francs. They will have about sixty subordinates of different grades, with salaries varying from 5000 to 1400 francs.

THE GERMAN DIET.—When the Diet meets in *pleno* there will be three well-defined parties. There will be Austria, with two or three of the second-rate States; Prussia, with her allies, Anhalt-Cöthen, Anhalt-Dessau, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Reuss, Schaumburg, Lippe, &c.; and lastly, Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, with the other States which attended the Bamberg Conference. Austria, with a population of 38,000,000, and an army of about 650,000 men, has four votes in the *Plenum*, and Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemberg have each as many. Baden, Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt, Holstein, and Luxembourg have three votes each. Brunswick, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Nassau have two votes; and the other States, with the Four Free Cities one each. Austria, whose contingent to the Bund is 94,822 men, with 192 guns, is on the same level with Saxony, which supplies only 12,000 men and no artillery, and she only has four times as many votes as Lichtenstein, whose contingent is 55 men!—*Letter from Vienna.*

CHOLERA.—We are happy to learn that the cholera has totally disappeared from the neighbourhood of Compton-street, Soho, and that the measures taken to arrest its progress have been eminently successful, not only in this district, but also in the adjoining (Golden-square), so recently visited by this fearful epidemic.

THE IRISH RAILWAY OUTRAGE.—Government has issued a proclamation offering a reward of £200 for the apprehension of the persons who maliciously placed several large stones on the line of railway between Enniskillen and Derry, near Trillick station.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.

The sudden return of the Emperor to his first intention of leaving Paris on the 19th, caused a mis-statement in our last week's Letter, for which we have to apologise to our readers. His Majesty, finding it impossible to have news from the Expedition to the Crimea as soon as he had hoped, resolved to go at once to conduct the Empress back to Paris, and to return there sooner than he had at first proposed. Their Majesties arrived on the 20th, in perfect health. On Friday they appeared at the Gymnase; and were—especially the Empress, whom during the representation of the first piece, the Emperor placed fully in view, remaining himself nearly concealed from the audience—received with loud acclamation. Her Majesty—who was looking remarkably well, though a little sunburnt,—seemed much gratified by her reception, and appeared in excellent spirits. Various reports are afloat respecting the plans of the Emperor and Empress for the autumn: one of these asserts that they purpose proceeding from Boulogne to the Isle of Wight, on a visit to the Queen; another, that the Emperor will go alone to London, to have an interview with her Majesty. The fact of the Empress having proceeded to join the Emperor, at Boulogne, instead of passing the period of his absence at Compiègne, as it was expected she would do, seems to give some slight colour to the former rumour. A third *on dit* is, that Prince Albert is to accompany Napoleon III., next month, to Cherbourg, to review the Baltic fleet. It is said that their Imperial Majesties intend inhabiting the Palace of the Elysée the greater part of the winter, in order to have the Tuileries entirely restored and arranged, so as to be in harmony with the new buildings of the Louvre. All the winter receptions are, we believe, to take place at the Elysée, excepting that of New-year's-day, which will be held, as usual, at the Tuileries. It is expected that the gigantic works in progress in this latter quarter, as well as all the others connected with the public buildings of the capital, will be completed by the 1st of May.

There is a talk of arranging a grand banquet of five thousand persons, at twenty francs a head, for the opening of the great Industrial Exhibition. A plan also exists, for establishing a sort of Travellers' Club for the same occasion, and for demanding permission to play therein; but there seems very little reason to believe that the authorisation will be accorded.

We mentioned, some months since, that Mdlle. Georges, the celebrated tragedienne of the Empire had petitioned for the privilege of the *bureau* of canes, at the Palais de l'Industrie. This concession the Minister of State has accorded her, selecting her from an immense number of competitors. It is computed that this privilege is worth about 100,000 francs (£4000).

On Saturday evening, an alarm of fire at the Imperial stables at Monceaux, excited much sensation, and attracted crowds to the spot. By dint of considerable exertion, the fire, which commenced in the magazine of f-orage, was extinguished without extending to the stables and coach houses. The cause of the accident has not been discovered.

The appearance of cholera at Dieppe, which for the last two months has been literally swarming with Parisians, is rapidly dispersing the crowd; and the bathers, *flâneurs*, and idlers—who have been seeking health, amusement, and occasions to display themselves and a succession of *toilettes* only fit for *déjeuners dansantes*, in the dirty streets, and on the shingly beach of a little seaport town—are hurrying back to Paris with considerable precipitation. The chilly weather, which within the last few days has begun to replace the summer heats which have without interruption reigned since the middle of July, also tends to call back the wandering portion of the population.

The Legitimist journal *La Mode* has been suspended for two months, in consequence, it is believed, of a violent attack on Lord Palmerston. The sentiments of the party to which this paper belongs are far from being those of the Government and of France in general, as relates to the union of that nation with England: the set—"qui n'ont rien appris ni rien oublié"—scruple not—individually, if not collectively—to declare vehemently against any approach to the *entente cordiale*; and, with a persistence which does more honour to their constancy than to their enlightenment or to their patriotism, proclaim the existence in their breasts of all the old jealousies, hatreds, and prejudices which time, experience, and the march of progress and intelligence have for ever destroyed in those of the really right-thinking and sensible Frenchmen of the day.

A most necessary and important measure has just been announced as about to be carried into execution. This is the establishment in Paris of a system of police, on the model of our English one. It is extraordinary that this institution of protective police should have been so long allowed to remain in its present most defective condition. Hitherto all the attention of successive Governments has been directed to the organisation of a plan of *espionnage*—the abuses of which have been becoming daily more and more intolerable; and, while the liberty of the subject has been in constant jeopardy, his safety has been wholly neglected, as the system of nightly patrols, passing through the streets at certain times and long intervals, has afforded every possible facility to malefactors of all descriptions to pursue their designs on the unfortunate passers-by—a facility of which they naturally failed not to avail themselves. Now, at least, one abuse is being corrected; when shall we see the other done away with?

The *Odeon* is about to bring out a piece adapted by Alexander Dumas, from one of his novels, "Conscience"—a work which, notwithstanding certain defects of improbability, contains beauties of style and description, and a tenderness, freshness, and purity of detail that do honour to the heart and mind of the author, and cannot fail to strike home to those of the reader. This theatre is at present giving an adaptation of the "Vicar of Wakefield," with but indifferent success. The Ambigu has a *mimo-drame*, entitled "La Prise de Bomarsund." Most of the principal theatres are opening with *répétitions*, keeping the new pieces for the commencement of the season.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

The steamer *Bombay* arrived at Trieste on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock, in 111 hours from Alexandria, bringing the following intelligence, dated Alexandria, Sept. 22:—

The India mail leaves this day with advices from Calcutta to the 19th August; Madras, 24th August; Bombay, 28th August; Shanghai, 24th July; Amoy, 29th July; Canton, 5th August; Hong-Kong, 6th August; Singapore, 13th August; Sydney, 21st July; Melbourne, 26th July; and Adelaide, 29th July.

Trade in India was dull. Exchange at Calcutta, 1s. 11½d. Canton was in a state of siege. All business was suspended, and in a few days the place would be in the hands of the rebels. No tea was brought to market. Whampoa and Futsan were still in possession of the rebels. Sir John Bowring was still in the north.

The letters by the India mail will not arrive in London before Monday.

POLES IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE.—Three Poles, brought from Bomarsund by the *Fulton* to Havre are lodged in the Rue Beauverger, awaiting the orders of the Minister of War. These men were in the service of Russia, and four days before the bombardment they contrived to escape, and gained the head-quarters of the French General. After the surrender they were of use as interpreters. The garrison of Bomarsund was composed partly of Russian soldiers and partly of Poles. All the artillerymen were Poles, and it is said that they served the pieces most unwillingly.

THE CRIMEA EXPEDITION.

The first authentic despatch relating to the disembarkation of the Allied forces in the Crimea, was received from Lord Raglan late on Sunday night, by the Duke of Newcastle, and immediately sent to the whole of the morning papers. Instead of landing at Eupatoria, as the Vienna despatch of last week had stated, it appears that the landing took place only thirty miles north of Sebastopol. The following is the despatch sent to the daily papers by the Minister of War:—

The Allied armies arrived at the place of disembarkation near the Old Fort, in lat. 45, at break of day upon the 14th, and before night they had succeeded in landing nearly all their infantry and part of the artillery.

On the 15th the swell upon the shore considerably impeded operations, but some progress was made; and the exertions of the fleet under the immediate command of Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, excited the admiration of the army, and were, in fact, above all praise.

The surf continued on the 16th (the date of the despatch); nevertheless, the disembarkation of the horses and baggage was proceeding with the utmost rapidity.

A despatch from Marshal de St. Arnaud to the French Minister of War, dated from the Bivouac at Old Fort, the 16th inst., confirmed the disembarkation of the horses and matériel. The operation was said to have been very laborious, but the troops were full of ardour, and worked together in the most satisfactory manner. The Tartar population was described in the same despatch as being very friendly to the Allies.

The *Constitutionnel* gives the following description of the country through which the Allies were about to march:—

Old Fort, where the landing was effected, is, according to the best maps, 45 kilometres (28½ English miles) to the north of Sebastopol, and 23 kilometres (14½ English miles) to the south of Eupatoria, a little above the river Beuganack. This position is indicated in some maps by the name of Traktir. It will be seen that the troops had advanced immediately by the roads of Simferopol and Bagtcheseraï; but, perhaps, nothing is meant but bodies of troops intended to observe the enemy. The part of the expeditionary army which proceeds along the coast will meet with four streams of water before they arrive at the little arm of the sea which is at the north of Sebastopol. The country is wooded and mountainous, but that inconvenience is compensated for by the facility of having wood and water, which would be difficult to find in advancing further into the country. The streams of water are Beuganack, the Alma, the Katcha, and the Belbek. This last river being passed, the northern fort, and the Fort Constantine, are right in front. The northern fort is a regular work, which it will be necessary to attack by land, and probably according to all the rules of the military art. As to Fort Constantine, the example given at Bomarsund leads us to believe that it may be reduced by an attack from the fleet. Once masters of these two points, Sebastopol is ours. With an enemy able to defend the ground foot by foot, the distance between the landing point and Sebastopol might be difficult; but, to judge by the language of Marshal de St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan to Omer Pacha, the Generals-in-Chief do not appear to expect any great resistance before arriving at the end of their march.

From other accounts we learn that the country which the army has to pass through in skirting the coast, is a dry and stony soil, intersected here and there by sandy patches and rising grounds of no great elevation. There are several roads parallel to the sea, which the Tartars pass over every day with carriages drawn by two dromedaries. But during the dry season in the Crimea, vehicles can follow every kind of path, or even go across the fields. If any obstacles present themselves to the passage of the artillery, the pickaxe and the shovel soon make a practicable passage. The Allied armies cannot have less than 100 field guns, for we know that our own division has thirty-six or forty, the French have probably rather more, and the artillery of the Turkish corps is the strongest part of that army. This number of guns would imply about 500 gun-carriages, ammunition waggons, &c., drawn by four horses each. The amount has been computed at 1500 horses for draught, by an eminent French contemporary, but that number must be rather below the mark. As soon as the Allies have made good their position in the country, they will, doubtless, find means to procure horses and dromedaries, which are extremely abundant in the pastures of the Crimea. The Allied army naturally divides itself into three corps—the French, the British, and the Turkish, forming a centre and two wings—and in its march to the south it must cover a considerable breadth of country; for the subsistence of the troops and of the animals requires that the line should be extended as much as is consistent with the safety and efficiency of the troops in presence of the enemy. Fortunately the country is so open and so easily traversed in this season of the year that it is immaterial what track is followed; and, although the Russians appear to have taken some measures to break up the roads and bridges, there are no serious natural obstacles to the advance of the expedition.

Prince Menschikoff is said to have advanced at the head of a considerable body of the Russian troops, to the position of Burluk, on the river Alma. Should this prove to be correct, it may be inferred that this stream will be the first line defended by the enemy, since he has allowed the Allied armies to land without opposition. Burluk is a village on the right bank of the Alma, distant about three miles from the sea, twelve miles from the landing-place of the Anglo-French forces, and the same distance from Bagtcheseraï, which was supposed to be occupied by one of the Russian divisions in the field. The road or track which runs parallel with the coast crosses the Alma at this point, and the Russian forces would naturally hold, and in the event of a retreat destroy, the bridge. It is questionable, however, whether any of the streams—the Alma, the Katcha, and the Belbek—contain water at this season of the year to interrupt for a moment the progress of the army. They are very probably dried up altogether at the termination of a long and hot summer, before the autumnal rains have commenced. But they are said to flow through ravines, which afford good military positions upon their wooded and precipitous sides. The disposition of the Russian forces would seem to indicate that, as far as Prince Menschikoff's army is concerned, he has abandoned the idea of defending the interior of the country, and that his base of operations is Sebastopol itself. In this point of view his position on the Alma is more comprehensible, and Burluk, which is just fifteen miles to the north of Sebastopol, may be considered the first outwork of the place, at which some resistance may be made. If this be all that is meant by this movement, the Russians will probably be driven back without much difficulty until they reach the outer lines and fieldworks which they have raised along the heights about Sebastopol, and there the real contest will begin. According to this hypothesis, Prince Menschikoff is aware that the forces under his command are not sufficient to dispute the possession of the country and defend the fortress; he therefore falls back on the latter and more essential part of his duty, and leaves General Osten-Sacken, who is appointed to the command of the forces in the north of the peninsula and the government of Cherson, to do what he can for the relief of that place.

Various rumours of the complete defeat of the Russian army, under Prince Menschikoff, have been circulated; but no reliable information on the subject has been received. A Vienna despatch, of Wednesday evening, mentions that the Russian Embassy there had received a despatch of the 22nd from the Crimea, but the contents had not transpired. "All that is known is, that it contains news unfavourable to the Russians."

The embarkation of the reserve at Varna took place on the 18th, and it was thought that the 15,000 men of which it consisted would be able to join the army in the Crimea on the 20th or 21st, by which time it was expected that an engagement would take place.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT SEBASTOPOL.

Among other wonderful despatches, per telegraph, this week, it has been stated, in one from Berlin, via St. Petersburg, that the Russian fleet had sailed from Sebastopol to intercept the passage of the reserve from Varna. From such a source, little reliance can be placed on the intelligence. Should it prove true, the Allied fleets will, no doubt, be able to give a good account of the Russians. The *Moniteur de la Flotte* gives the following account of the Sebastopol fleet:—

Ships of the Line.—The *Twelve Apostles*, 120 guns; the *Paris*, 120; the *Three Saints*, 120; the *Grand Duke Constantine*, 120; the *Vladimir*, 120; the *Seiostolav*, 84; the *Iostislav*, 84; the *Selaphet*, 84; the *Three Hierarchs*, 84; the *Tro-Sviatitelia*, 84; the *Varna*, 84; the *Gabriel*, 84; the *Empress Maria*, 84; and the *Tchesme*, 80.

Frigates.—The *Cogut*, 60 guns; the *Koules*, 4, 60; the *Kavarna*, 60 the *Medea*, 60.

Corvettes and Brigs.—The *Calyppo*, 18 guns; the *Pyrlade*, 18; the *Ptolemy*, 20; the *Thescus*, 20; the *Enca*, 20.

Smaller Vessels.—The *Nearch*, *Stricla*, *Orlandia*, *Drolik*, *Ziabiaka*, *Lass-torga*, *Smaglaya*, 11 transports, and 64 gun-boats.

Steamers 12, six large and six small. Among the first are the *Vladimir*, *Bessarabia*, and *Gromnostetz*, which are remarkable for their power and the range of their guns.

The above enumeration presents a total of 17 ships of the line, 4 frigates, 5 corvettes or brigs, 82 vessels of inferior size, and 12 steamers—in all 108 sail, mounting 2200 guns of every description. This certainly is

an imposing force. It is well commanded. The crews are expert at gunnery, and gifted with that passive courage peculiar to Russian soldiers, who die at their post. Nevertheless, in no respect can the Russian naval force be compared with the combined squadrons in the Black Sea.

The squadron which will blockade and attack Sebastopol consists of eight English ships, eight French, eight Turkish, and as many steamers. These are said to have arrived before Sebastopol on the 18th or 19th inst. On the 9th several steamers left the Island of Serpents, to cruise in the Sea of Azof, and stop the passage of Russian troops and stores into the Crimea. A letter from Constantinople states that some five or six gun-boats, laden with Russian troops and stores, have been lost during a storm in the Sea of Azof, on their way from Taganrog to the Crimea.

A DIVERSION IN BESSARABIA.

No sooner had the Allied forces made good their landing in the Crimea, than a despatch was forwarded to Omer Pacha with the welcome intelligence. The Turkish Commander was, at the same time, requested to make "a diversion in Bessarabia," which he will lose no time in making, as General Lüdgers will soon find, to his cost. The advanced guard of the Turkish army is already on its way to the Pruth, the passage of which Omer Pacha will no doubt force, should the Russians attempt to resist him.

Accounts from Jassy of the 17th announce the departure of Prince Gortschakoff from Kalarasch, in Bessarabia, for Bender. Before he left, the Prince received despatches from Odessa, in which General Krusenstern informed him of the dangers with which that town is threatened. It was thought that Prince Gortschakoff would, therefore, continue his journey from Bender to Odessa. The Russian advanced posts on the right side of the Pruth have orders to stop any one attempting to cross that river, and to send them to head-quarters. They will perhaps find some little difficulty in fulfilling this order, unless the Russian army in that quarter has been reinforced. A letter from Gala'z, of the 16th, states that the Russians seemed about to evacuate Reni. The principal forces in Bessarabia were concentrating themselves at Ismail, under General Lüdgers.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

The news from Asia Minor, so far as the telegraph may be relied upon, is highly favourable to Turkey. Two engagements are said to have taken place in Georgia, between Wrangel's division and Daniel Bey (Schamyl's lieutenant), in both of which the Russians were beaten. The Poles are stated to have gone over to the enemy *en masse*, with two guns. The latest report was, that Schamyl and Daniel Bey were about to combine their forces and attack Tiflis.

The Turkish army occupied the Russian camp at Kara, where they were waiting the arrival of Ismael, the conqueror at Kalafat, who had left Sillistria, and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Ottoman troops.

The Russian Commander has sent to St. Petersburg, demanding instant succour; but it is doubtful whether the Czar can give him much assistance in time for the crisis which seems to be impending in that quarter. *Spencer's Journal* says, under the head of St. Petersburg, the 16th, that the whole Russian corps d'armée, 40,000 strong, and stationed on the Volga, has received orders to march against the troops of Schamyl, in the Caucasus; but the best military authorities represent the Russian corps on the Volga as not more than 20,000 strong; one half of which consists of irregulars. Whether any of that force can be spared for Georgia is very doubtful.

THE BALTIC.—PREPARATIONS FOR AN ATTACK UPON REVEL.

The belief that something is to be done in the Baltic before the flee a go into winter quarters, is confirmed by the latest intelligence. The screw-steamer *Holyrood*, which left Revel Bay on the 12th inst., brings news of something being done there, which looks rather alarming for the Czar. When the steamer came away, the squadron in Revel Bay, under Admiral Plumridge, consisted of the *St. George*, *Royal George*, *Neptune*, *Cressy*, *Caspar*, *Monarch*, *Nile*, *Princess Royal*, *Dragon*, the French ship *Tuge*, and another French line-of-battle ship. Admiral Plumridge was on board the *Neptune*, with his flag. The boats of the fleet had been engaged in laying down buoys, taking bearings and distances, preparatory to an attack being made on Revel. They were only waiting for Sir Charles Napier; look-out was being kept at the master-heads of all the fastest ships for the gallant Admiral with his squadron, which was hourly expected. The *Cressy* was anchored within two miles of Revel, inside Nargen Island. The fleet was anchored in line four miles distant from the forts at Revel, waiting orders for advancing within shot range of the guns of the fleet. The Nargen islanders reported that there were 70,000 infantry and 8000 cavalry encamped in and around Revel, to protect the place. About three weeks since the whole army was reviewed by the Emperor himself, who, according to the Nargen islanders, addressed them himself, urging them to keep the enemy from their shores, or perish in the attempt to do so. The Nargen islanders, it is reported, do all they possibly dare in barter with the fleet, and are very faithful in all their transactions.

The Russian fleet in the Baltic comprises the following sailing ships, together with three steamers of 400-horse power, mounting eight guns each; two steamers of 120-horse power, mounting four guns each; and one steam corvette, of 20 guns and 450-horse power. They are stationed at Helsingfors and Cronstadt, in the following proportions:—

AT HELSINGFORS, 9:—Russia, 120; *St. George the Conqueror*, 112; *Pul-tava*, 84; *Prochor*, 84; *Vladimir*, 84; *Brienne*, 74; *Artes*, 74; *Ezekiel*, 74; *Andreo*, 74. AT CRONSTADT:—*Emperor Peter I.*, 120; * * * 112; *Em-gertsen*, 84; *Krasnoe*, 84; *Ganule*, 84; *Volga*, 84; *Empress Alexandra*, 84; *Narya*, 74; *Bresnia*, 74; *Borodino*, 74; *Smolensko*, 74; *Finland*, 74; *Kot-lach*, 74; *Ingermanland*, 74; *Culm*, 74; *Pamyat Azofa*, 74; *Sisoe the Great*, 74; *Vilajash*, 74; *Natron-menga*, 74; *Fere-champenoise*, 74; *Michael*, 74. TOTAL:—30 sailing ships, with an aggregate armament of 2468 guns; and six steamers, mounting collectively 56 guns.

That portion of the Russian fleet which is in the harbour of Helsing-fors has commenced preparations for the winter season. The ships have un-bent their sails and struck their topmasts. In a month from the present time they will be frozen in.

THE WHITE SEA SQUADRON.

A few weeks ago we gave an account of the proceedings of the squadron in the White Sea, including the bombardment of Solovetskoi, and the burning of Novitka. By the arrival of the *Miranda*, screw, 16 guns, at Sheerness, on Saturday last, we have intelligence of certain subse-quent operations in that remote region. That vessel left Cross Island on the 4th September, leaving behind her the *Eurydice* and *Brisk*, together with one French frigate and brig.

Twelve days after the affair at Solovetskoi, the British forces destroyed all the public buildings on a place called Shayley Island; and about a month afterwards, on the 23rd of August, having quitted the internal waters of the White Sea, they proceeded to attack the town of Kola, the chief place in Russian Lapland, situated in the highest latitude of Europe, about 69 degrees, and a few miles to the east of the Norwegian frontier and the North Cape. Kola is described by the Gazetteers as a place of about 1000 inhabitants; but it nevertheless possessed a fort, with batteries well armed, a Russian garrison, a Governor and a dépôt of Government stores. The officers of the *Miranda* contrived, with uncommon skill and intrepidity, to buoy a passage for a very considerable distance up an almost unknown river to Kola, and to lay the ship within 250 yards of the battery. The Governor having re-fused to surrender the place, or to listen to terms, the *Miranda* opened a tremendous fire, which speedily annihilated the enemy's batteries; and a party, headed by the First Lieutenant, landed sword in hand, and carried everything before them. The Government stores were all destroyed, and the whole town seems to have shared the same fate—a catastrophe which the Governor might have avoided by surrendering to an enemy whom he had not the power to resist.

AN ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEET AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Honolulu papers of the 29th July state that the combined fleet of England and France, consisting of the *Virago*, frigates *President*, *Amphitrite*, *Pique*, *La Forte*, and *L'Eurydice*, corvette *L'Artemise*, and brig *L'Obliquo*, had all reached Honolulu. The *Polynesian* says:—"This fine squadron is from Callao, via Nukuhiva, one of the Mar-quesas Islands, and was but fourteen days in making the passage from the latter port. They are, of course, looking for the Russians; but the Russians are somewhere else just now, and they must be hunted up if possible, when warm work will of course take place."

AMERICA.

The steam-ship *Baltic*, which left New York on the 16th, arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday night. The *New York Herald* supplies the following information, on the authority of its Washington correspondent:—"It is said that informa-

tion has reached the Government from our Minister at Madrid, to the effect that the new régime of Spain has agreed upon terms for the sale of Cuba; and, also, that both France and England acquiesce in the transfer. If this be true, the particulars will doubtless soon be made public. The ratification of the Reciprocity Treaty with the British North American provinces were exchanged on Saturday last. The time for the sitting of the Mixed Commission, at London, for the settle-ment of claims of citizens of Great Britain and the United States upon those Governments, has been extended four months from the 15th inst."

The Supreme Court of Philadelphia, on the 7th instant, issued a decree relative to the late railroad war at Erie; in which the authori-ties and inhabitants of that city are sustained, and of course justified, in their proceedings; and the railroad company is required to take up the track in the streets of Erie and Harbour Creek township.

Mr. B. Sickles, of the United States Legation, in London, having, through a New York paper, charged Mr. Peabody, the American banker in London, with insulting the head of the United States, by drinking her Majesty's health before that of the President, on the occasion of a banquet given by him to celebrate the Fourth of July, and at which the American Minister was present, Mr. Peabody has written to the papers, successfully defending himself from the charge.

The St. Louis papers mention the massacre of a number of soldiers by the Sioux Indians. It seems that a Sioux Indian stole an ox from an emigrant. The chief of the tribe offered to deliver the offender to the Commander of the fort; and, accordingly, Lieutenant Grattan, Sergeant Favor, Corporal McNulty, and twenty privates, accompanied by an in-terpreter, set out for the camp of the Sioux, where the entire party were massacred. It was reported that the chief of the Sioux was killed. Considerable apprehension existed for the safety of the garrison, as the Indians had surrounded the fort. It was also reported that the Indians had destroyed the American Fur Company's station.

A storm, accompanied by refreshing rains, had been experienced in various parts of the Union. The Charleston papers give detailed ac-counts of the first of the terrific autumnal storms which annually ravage the Atlantic coast from Florida to Nova Scotia. The gale, which was of unexampled fury, continued for thirty-six hours, and destroyed an immense amount of property. Cholera was raging at Columbia, Penn-sylvania.

A serious riot at New Orleans is reported between large parties of Americans and Irishmen. Firearms were freely used on both sides; a great many were wounded, and several killed. The military were or-dered out, and the mob dispersed.

From Canada we learn that the formation of a new Ministry had been completed. The Hon. John Rose becomes Speaker of the Legis-lative Council; and Mr. Spencer, a new member of the House, Post-master-General. The new members of the Government, from the Con-servative ranks, are Sir Allan McNab, President of the Council; the Hon. William Cayley, Inspector-General; the Hon. John A. Mac-donald, Attorney-General for Canada West; and Henry Smith, Solicit-ator-General.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is stated, in well-informed military circles, that the under-mentioned regiments will form a part of the British expeditionary force proceeding to the Baltic in March next:—18th, 51st, 54th, 56th, 68th, 72nd, 80th, 82nd, 90th, and 94th. The whole of these regiments will be in Eng-land before the close of the year; and it is anticipated that there will be no difficulty in raising them to their augmented establishments, long be-fore they proceed to the Baltic—the whole of the recruiting staff being exclusively employed at the present moment in raising men for those regiments.

The brass guns captured from the Russians, have been placed in the iron stores in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. The *Prince*, screw steam-ship, in which they were brought home, also sent on shore at the Royal Arsenal, a Russian horse, the property of Brigadier-General Jones, Royal Engineers. The horse is from fourteen to fifteen hands high, and marked "S." on the near shoulder, and "35" on the hind quarter. The gallant Brigadier-General has another Russian horse sent home for his use, and now in one of the transport vessels returning to this country. Major Ord, Royal Engineers, has also two Russian horses belonging to him, on their way to this country, as trophies of the war with Russia.

The *Royal Albert* got up steam on Saturday last, and steamed out of the firing basin at Sheerness in first-rate style, proceeding to her harbour moorings to receive her armament, &c. This ship, which has caused so much attraction during her being in the basin and in dock, was numerously visited as before; although we have strong winds with a heavy short sea in the harbour where she is riding, nothing seems to prevent persons visiting Sheerness by the excursion steam packets from going off to her. She is to be taken round to Portsmouth to be finally pre-pared for proceeding to the Black Sea, where she is to serve as flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Dundas, Commander-in-Chief of the British fleet in the Mediterranean and Black Sea station, and the crew of the *Britannia* will be turned over to her on her arrival there.

The 90th Light Infantry has received orders to recruit with all possible activity, so as to complete its establishment of 1200 rank and file. The General Commanding-in-Chief deeming it of great importance that no delay shall take place in so doing, has ordered additional recruit-ing parties to be detached from head-quarters; and, as the whole re-cruiting staff is open for the 90th, little difficulty will be experienced in meeting Lord Cardigan's wishes.

CAPTAIN TOWN AND R.N., M.P. for Tamworth, who recently succeeded to the town, writes on the death of his cousin, Lord Charles Townsend, has been honoured with the appointment of Naval Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty, vacant by Commander Eden's obtaining his flag.

ORDERS were received in Dover from the Board of Ordnance some time back that the casemated barracks in the Castle, excavated in the cliff fronting the sea, in the reign of George III., when invasion was threatened by Napoleon I., and which, after being occupied by different regiments of militia, have been used as a depository for large stores of gunpowder, should be cleared out. Accordingly, vessels have been occu-pied at intervals in removing the powder; and last week the last of the barrels was shipped off preparatory to the barracks being again fitted up for the reception of troops.

REAR-ADMIRAL BERKELEY, Sir Baldwin Walker, Surveyor of the Navy, and his assistant, Mr. Watts, were at Ports mouth on Tues-day, on a semi-official visit of experiment. They made an inspection of the progress of the ships building in that dockyard, and it appears to be an evident desire to get the three-decker *Marlborough*, 131, ready for launching and the reception of her machinery by March next; also the conversion for the screw of the three-decker *Royal Sovereign*, 120, and the completion of the *Shannon* screw, 60, if possible, during the present finan-cial year.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE.—It appears that the old sol-diers of the Empire yet living are a much more numerous class than was supposed. The committee appointed to distribute the 1,500,000 fr. appro-priated by Louis Napoleon in satisfaction of Napoleon I.'s legacy to the "officers and soldiers who fought for the glory and independence of the nation from 1792 to 1815," have received upwards of a hundred thousand applications, supported by vouchers. Claims pour in from all parts of Europe, especially from Italy. If all these claims are admitted, the pre-sent fund will only yield 15 fr. per head, which would be an illusory sum as a satisfaction of an Imperial bequest. The committee propose taking the Emperor's pleasure before making their award, and doubtless a sup-plementary sum will be granted from the eight millions to which the claims of Napoleon's legates upon the state are, according to present arrange-ments, limited.

ENGLISH NEWS FROM RUSSIA.—The following paragraph from the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, will be news to most of our readers:—"Lieutenant Perry, who was on board the *Tiger* when it was taken by the Russians at Odessa, has been brought before a court-martial. The young man has been acquitted on account of the long and loyal services of his father, but is obliged to leave the Royal navy of England and sell his commission. This has caused great excitement, and numerous sub-scription lists are already opened in favour of Lieutenant Perry."

DISTRESSING CONDITION OF MESSINA.—Letters from Messina give the most painful account of the condition of that city. The cholera has carried off more than 12,000 persons, out of a population of 50,000. The alarm created by so many deaths has caused every one to leave the city, excepting the poorest class. The authorities applied to Naples, not only for medical aid, but also for food, as all shops are closed, and no business whatever takes place. The bodies are burnt a little way out of the town—there being no means of burying them; and, in fact, even under such circumstances, few can be found to assist in this painful office. All the Consuls have left Messina, except Mr. Behn, of the United States. Mr. Barker, the British Consul, is dead. The French Consul and his family have fled to Paris.

NEW TRAWLING APPARATUS.—Mr. Dempster has invented a two-sided dredge, the advantages of which are, whatever may be the depth it is now, there need be no apprehension it will fail foul on the ground. The mouth of the net is always open, and ready for capture. After half an hour's trawling with this apparatus, as many fish might be caught as serve the crew for several days.

THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

A Prayer of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the present Abundant Harvest. To be used at Morning and Evening Service, after the General Thanksgiving, in all Churches and Chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-on-Tweed, on Sunday, the 1st of October next.

ALMIGHTY God and Father, of whose only gift it cometh that the earth is made to yield its increase for the sustenance of man, vouchsafe, we be-seech Thee, to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, that Thou hast crowned the year with Thy goodness, and caused the earth to bring forth abundantly, that it might give seed to the sower and bread to the eater. We acknowledge, O Lord, that it is of Thy great mercy that the evils of want and scarceness are not added to the dangers of warfare abroad and the terrors of pestilence at home. We might have sown much, and brought in little: the heaven might have been stayed from dew, and the earth stayed from her fruit. But Thou hast dealt graciously with Thine unworthy servants, and hast blest the labours of the husband-man, and filled our garners with all manner of store. And now, Lord, we entreat Thee, together with these temporal mercies, to bestow the inestimable gift of Thy Holy Spirit, that a due sense of Thy goodness toward this land may awaken in us a more sincere repentance toward Thee, and a more earnest faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Grant that the dangers by which we are still threatened—the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and the sword which destroyeth at noon day—may lead us to a more active obedience to Thy laws, a more earnest endeavour to conform to Thy will, and to advance Thy glory. Dispose the hearts of those to whom abundance has been given, to use that abundance in relieving the necessities of the poor and destitute; that whilst many have gathered plenty, none may pine in want and penury. Thus may Thy judgments and Thy mercies alike work together for the spiritual benefit of all the people of this land, and tend to graft in their hearts an increasing love and fear of Thee, our only refuge in the time of trouble.* Hear, we beseech Thee, O Lord, these our humble petitions, and receive these our thanksgivings, for his sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

* To be added where the cholera prevails:—

And may the frequent instances of mortality which we have seen re-mind us all of the nearness of death, and of the judgment that is to follow; that, whether living or dying, we may be found faithful disciples of Him who has taken away the sting of death, and opened the gate of ever-lasting life to all believers.

EDUCATION IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—The Lord Bishop of Lin-coln has issued a circular letter, calling the clergy and laity together for the purpose of considering the propriety of establishing a Board of Educa-tion in the county of Nottingham, so as to form with the Lincoln board an efficient diocesan establishment for the whole diocese. The circular states that education in Nottinghamshire, as compared with other coun-ties, is at a low ebb, particularly in the national schools.

FREE-TRADE IN FRANCE.—A decree in the *Moniteur* of Satur-day last, admitting until further order all foreign spirits at a uniform duty of 15 fr. the hectolitre of pure alcohol, effects a very important change in the French tariff. Hitherto the import duty on spirits from wines was 50 fr.; that on spirits from cherries, molasses, and rice (Kirch, rum, and arrack) was 200 fr. Rums and tafas (an inferior kind of rum) from French colonies only, paid 20 fr. All other sorts of spirits, including whisky and gin, were absolutely prohibited. The *entente cordiale* is making gigantic strides. Brett and Betts may now, if they please, prove the superiority of their "pure British" to French brandy, by underselling the producers of the latter in Bordeaux itself. Let them fairly label their bottles, so that the public may know what they are buying, and then—may the best man win. The tariff now "provisionally" abolished will never, it may safely be predicted, be revived. Hitherto the imports of spirits into France have been next to nothing. In 1853 the amount of duty re-ceived was under 45,000 fr. In fact, the importation was confined to a little Kirch and Jamaica rum for a few fashionable cafés and private cellars. The 200 fr. duty on these spirits operated as a prohibition to the general consumer. All spirits distilled from grain or potatoes were absolutely prohibited; and, French brandy being admitted to be the best in the world, of course the duty of 58 fr. effectually excluded the productions of all other countries. The French Government has now completely reversed its tra-ditional policy with respect to this branch of commerce. The avowed motive for the decree of Saturday is that the excessive protection of home distillation has increased the dearthness of living in France by diverting many articles essential for home consumption—such as wine, corn, beet-root, and potatoes—from their natural channels.

LOSS OF FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.—It is now considered all but certain that the transport *Lady Nugent* has been lost, together with four hundred lives. She was chartered last spring to convey 350 men of the 26th Madras Light Infantry and 20 women from Madras to Rangoon. A frightful hurricane raged for three days after her departure in May last, and as she has not been heard of, all hope of her safety has fled.

THE FRENCH ARMY OF THE BALTIC.—The staff of the army of the Baltic has been dissolved, but the brigades will remain under the command of their respective Generals, so that whenever it shall be thought necessary to reconstitute the corps for active service, it may be done at a very short notice.

OPENING OF THE GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.

The formal opening of this line, extending railway communication forty miles north from Aberdeen, in all but unbroken connection with the great railway system throughout the kingdom, took place on Tuesday week. It is nine years ago since the project of the Great North of Scotland Railway was broached—viz., during the mania of 1845; but the ceremony of cutting the first turf was not performed till the 25th of November, 1852. That part of the line extending from Huntly to Inverury was first constructed: the design being to give the public the benefit of the canal from Aberdeen to Inverury as long as could be done; and next to form the division from Inverury to Aberdeen—there having been seven sections in each of these divisions.

The special train started from Kittybrewster, Aberdeen, at eleven o'clock on Tuesday week, consisting of twenty-five carriages, drawn by two engines, and containing the directors and officials of the line, with a number of other gentlemen, amounting in all to about 400—a number that would, no doubt, have been largely increased, had the rates not been designedly fixed at "one and a half ordinary fare," in order to provide against the contingency of having a crowd unaccommodated.

All the stations along the line were tastefully decorated, and each contributed its quota of neighbouring landed proprietors and burgh functionaries to the party; whilst at each the whole population turned out—the "beauty and fashion," of course, being conspicuous. In several instances, also, the pupils belonging to schools in the vicinity of the line, were ranged in order, to witness the interesting sight.

Leaving the Aberdeen terminus, the line winds along the grounds of Powis, and from the train a view is obtained of old Aberdeen; the beauti-ful "crown" of King's College and the towers of the venerable cathedral being the most prominent objects. Then, as you pass along the right, the well wooded banks of the Don come into view, with the various manufactories; on the left lies the once-thriving village of Woodside. Further on, the immense heaps of stones that mark the locality of some of the once-celebrated granite quarries of Aberdeen are seen, and we very soon enter the parish of Newhills. Here are visible various signs of a busy, manufacturing population, to which the large paper-mills of Messrs. Pirie, at Stonewood, as well as other smaller ones, give employment. Passing Grandhome House, and the Buxburn Station, the pleasantly-situated house and policies of Parkhill are seen. Leaving the station at Dyce, we rapidly pass Cothal Mills, the Church of Dyce, the house of Pitmedden, and Fintury House. Near this is Woodlands, at which was one of the heaviest cuttings on the line; and, a little further on, at Kinsaidie, is another. After passing the old Castle of Halfforest, we approach Kintore, which occupies a very inviting situation, and promises to be a favourite resort of pleasure-seekers. At the junction of the river Ury with the Don is one of the chief works on the line, viz., a wooden viaduct of great strength, and 260 feet long, across the Don. The Bass of Inverury is next seen—an object of interesting associations; and the house and policies of Keith-hall, the residence of the Earl of Kintore, are on the right.

At Inverury Station, fifteen miles from Edinburgh, the train stopped to receive additional passengers. Crossing the Ury near the farm of Conglass, the village of Old Meldrum was then passed on the right, at some distance, out of sight; and, by-and-by, a spot was pointed out, remarkable for an event which took place four centuries and a half ago, but is yet of much in-terest—the field of the battle of Harlaw. The old Castle of Balquhain was next seen in a fine valley to the left; and, passing Pitcaple House on the right, we approach through a solid cutting of rock to the Pit-caple Station. The fine properties of Pittodrie, Logie-Elphinstone, and the tower of Harthill, attracted considerable attention. Crossing the Gadie, which sweeps round the base of Benaachie, at Buchanstone, Premnay lies in a fine valley on the left; on the right tower the hills of Tillymorean and Foudland; and, in front, the Tower and Hill of



SISTERS OF CHARITY (ST. BENOIT), IN THE NEW HOSPITAL, AT PERA.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY (ST. BENOIT), AT PERA.

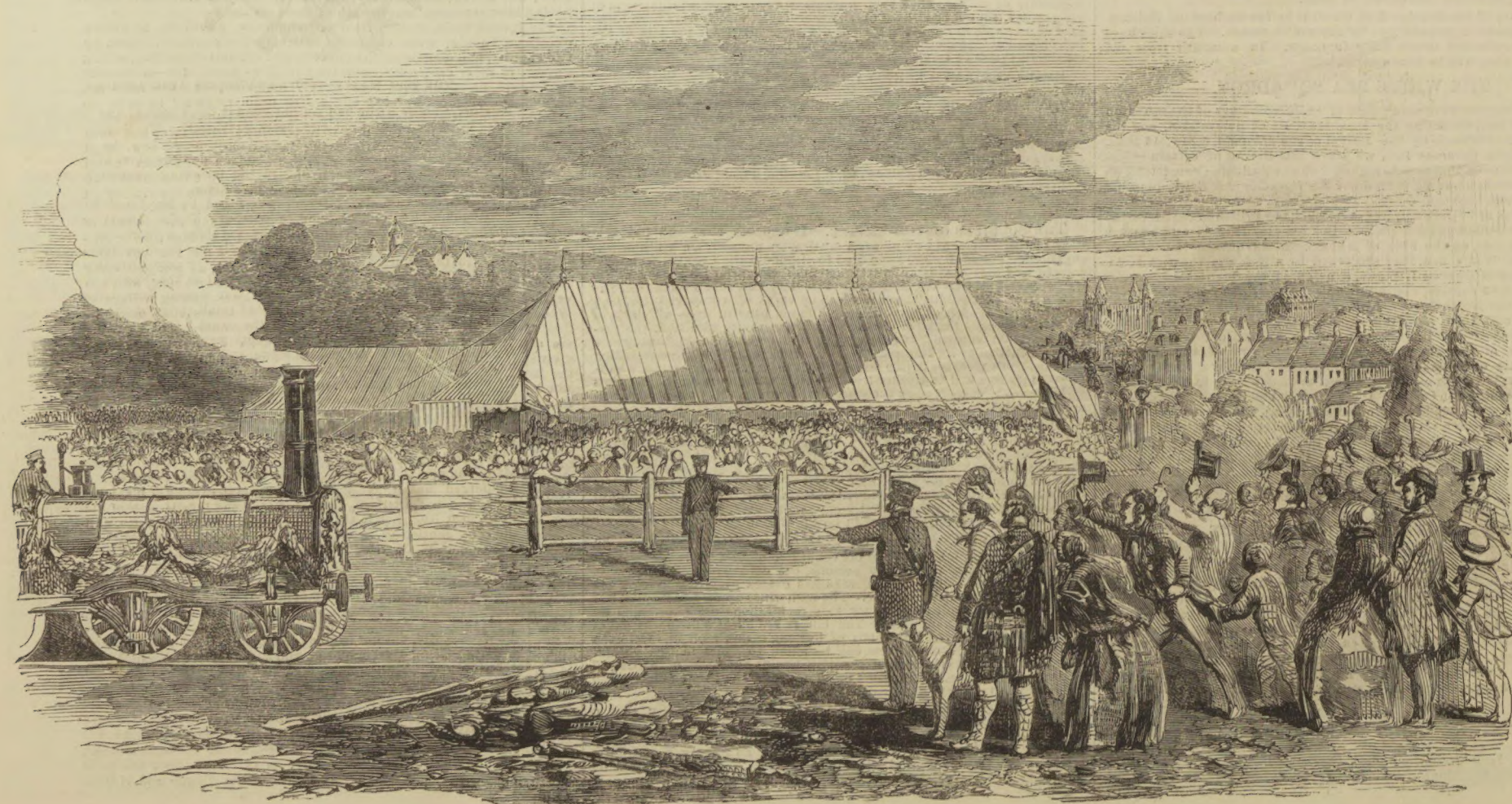
AMONG the remedial arrangements for the war, at Pera, the suburb of Constantinople, is the arrival from France of twenty-four of the devoted Sisters of St. Benoit, to fill the places of those who have already sunk under their arduous duties. There is, in Galata, a convent inhabited by these "ministering angels;" and our Artist, in a recent visit to the French Hospital just erected here, met, in the wards, three of the Sisters, from whom he obtained some interesting particulars of their mode of life.

Except the house they live in, they possess absolutely nothing—they are as poor as beggars—have no sort of fixed revenue or endowment in any way; yet, by perseverance, almost miraculous resignation, and the help of a few charities from the Catholic population, they have founded two schools (one in their own house alone contains 100 girls—one of whom is a Turkish one, which they mentioned exultingly).

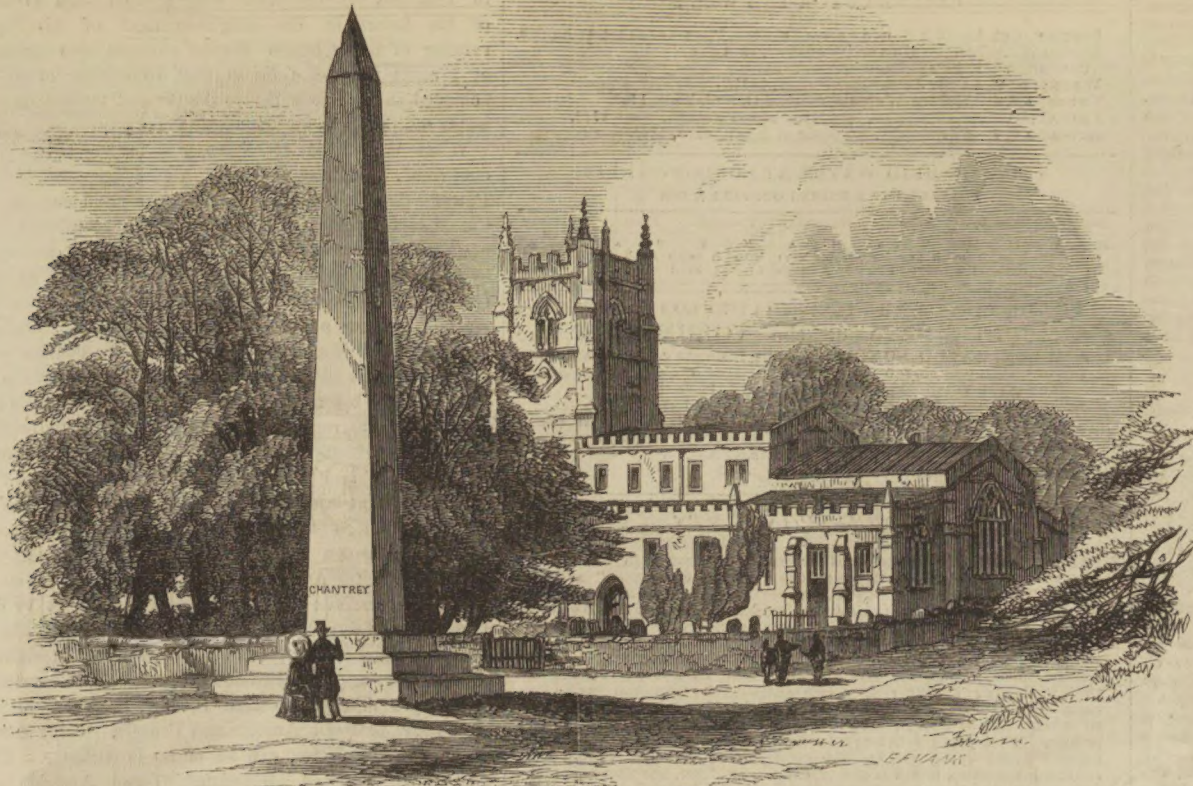
They are almost ubiquitous; in fact, except when employed on the business of their schools, they are always moving from house to house, visiting the poor of every sect. When they go to Stamboul, the people show them every mark of respect. The Turks call them *médécins*: they cannot understand their disinterestedness, yet they highly praise them: they are sensible of the good they do. Rich people very often sent for them, until the medical men at Pera grew jealous; and now the Sisters refuse attendance, when they know that the ladies who apply to them can pay, recommending some European doctor. The Sisters not only go, at any time, day or night, miles off, to attend the sick on the Turkish side, they also attend the prisons, &c., carrying to the prisoners money and clothes. So much are they known and cherished there, that

when, in consequence of so much occupation, some time has elapsed without their being seen there, some poor sufferer, or some one on the eve of execution, would send for them. "I have been very often," said one of the Sisters, "called in the middle of the night, by a *cavasse* or *gendarme*, who rang the bell of the convent, before sunrise, begging me to come to the gaol and attend to a dying prisoner."

In the hospital at Pera, there are four of the Sisters, who as soon as they heard that cholera had set in, offered their services. They have been distributed amongst the different corps of the army for the Crimea expedition, following the troops everywhere, sleeping under canvas: two died lately from the cholera, at Varna, and one at Gallipoli, where the malady has nearly disappeared. Now that there is no danger, they are afraid lest they should be turned out of the hospitals, and parted from their *chers malades*. The hospital in which the Sisters are thus engaged is a building erected near the Champ des Morts: it commands a magnificent view of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. It was intended for a school of medicine. It is a quadrangular building, and the largest, and certainly the best situated, and the finest of its kind in Europe. It is not quite finished; but in the hands of French officers, this will soon be completed. Already 2000 men may be received in the magnificent wards, that have been, within four months, provided with everything necessary—bedding, woollen clothes, shirts, &c., having been contracted for and made in Pera. The corridors are so large, and so well lighted, that comfortable wards could be made of them, if required, and then 2000 more might be accommodated. Ground has been bought in Galata for the erection of an English hospital, on a very large scale—a permanent one, too!



OPENING OF THE GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.—THE HUNTLY STATION.



THE CHANTREY MEMORIAL, NORTON, NEAR SHEFFIELD.—(SEE NEXT PAGE)

SOMERSETSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE Sixth Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Taunton on the 12th instant.

The Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, M.P., was elected Chairman, and gave, on the morning of meeting, an eloquent address on the ancient glories of Somersetshire, referring prominently to the mystic names of Athelney and Glastonbury. The Rev. H. M. Searth, of Bath, followed

There was an Evening Meeting; and several papers, chiefly on Natural History, were read by Mr. Andrew Crosse, Mr. Payne, Mr. Moore, and the Rev. W. R. Crotch.

On Wednesday the Bailiffs of the borough of Taunton received their guests at the Castle Inn, and entertained them with a sumptuous breakfast; and, after brief appropriate addresses by the worthy Bailiffs and the President, the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, M.P., the body of excursionists drove off for Kingston, which was originally appropriated to the priory of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Taunton. The tower of this church is one of the many beautiful perpendicular edifices of Somerset; and the interior happily possesses, as in so many other instances, an abundance of richly-carved bench ends. Bloomfield Church was next reached. Here the same rich display of Mediaeval carving, both in the benches, and in the simple, yet elegant roof, pleased all. Mr. Andrew Crosse, of Fyne-court, received the members, and gave them one of his well-known scientific discourses, and an excellent luncheon. The journey lay over the breezy downs to Cothelstone Beacon, and on again to Willaneck—both prominent points of the Quantock range, where rose-coloured heather and emerald mosses flourish in profusion. Crowcombe was soon reached, in the churchyard of which a beautiful fragment of a cross yet remains, niched and figured. The Court-house was thrown open, and its valuable library and paintings exposed to view. On again to Halsey Court, originally the retreat of Cardinal Beaufort, and situated most charmingly at the foot of the Quantock range. The accompanying sketch shows its beauty as a domestic building. The return journey embraced Cothelstone Manor-house, the seat of the ancient Stawells, of the Norman Conqueror's time. Here gateways, monumental effigies, singular hagioscopes, and an eminently picturesque well, formed objects of much interest.

Bickenhall and Ashill Churches were inspected on the second journey: the latter possesses much decaying Norman work, much mutilated. It would be well for this Society to act in the capacity of a warder of the fast-disappearing ancient work in ancient Somersetshire. It has done but little yet to effect so desirable an object.

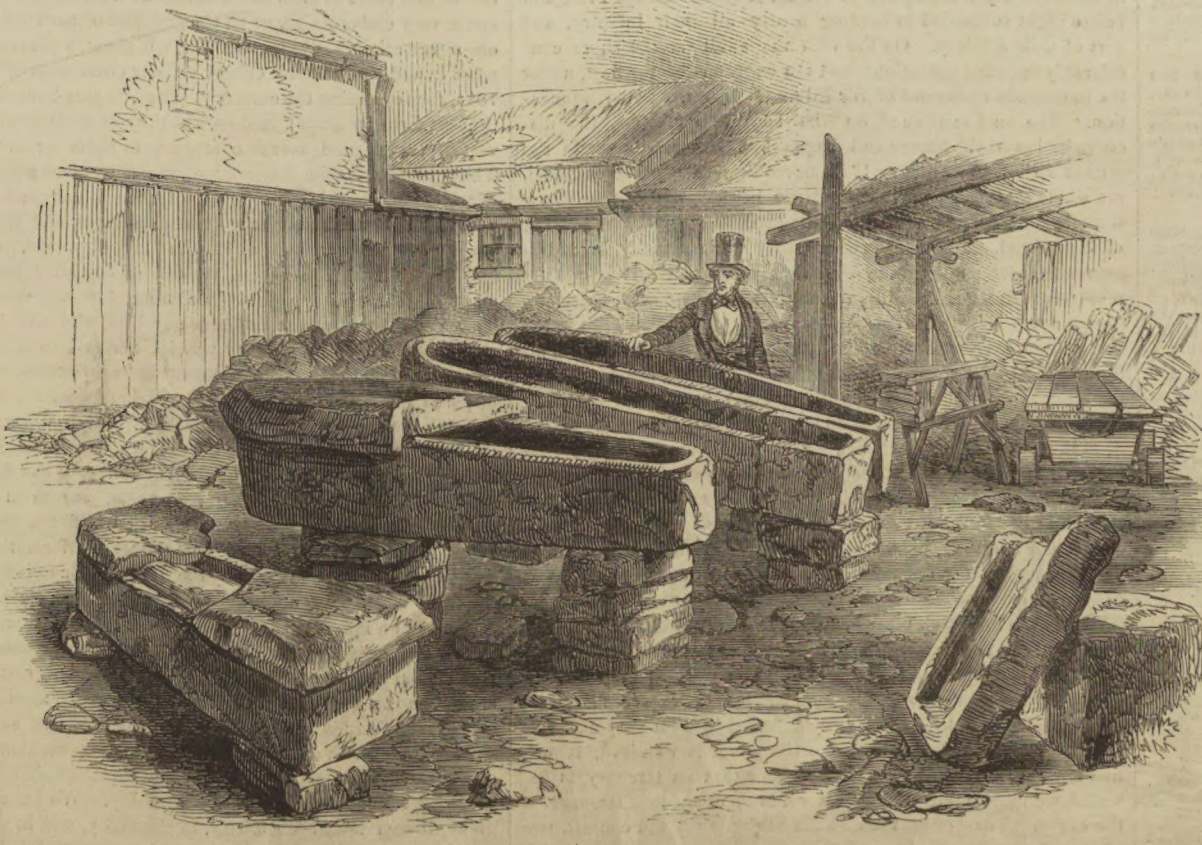
We also engrave the Stone Coffins found at Bath in 1852, in excavating the road at the top of Russell-street. They were discovered with the heads lying to the N.E. One (the smallest) had no lid; the others were covered. They were disposed in pairs: the upper ones nearly parallel, side by side, about two feet apart; the lower pair about a yard distant. Lying immediately above these was a skeleton. In the first coffin was found a skeleton of large size; in the next, two skulls, with various bones; the small coffin contained no skull, but loose bones. One of the coffins was covered with a regularly adjusted lid, not with a plain slab (as was the case with the others), the coffin being bevelled off at the foot, to allow the cover to fit more closely; the upper end of the lid seemed to have been slightly lifted up. The cover was of superior workmanship. The coffin was full of a soft clayey earth, with two human vertebrae lying on it. The earth being removed, a perfect skeleton, supposed to be that of a female, was found. The remaining contents of the coffin were—part of an infant's jaw; a metal pin, nearly two inches in length, but much corroded, together with the head of a smaller one; portions of two small animals, and a considerable quantity of a peculiar bituminous substance. In the neighbourhood of the coffin were discovered some fragments of an earthen vessel, a coin of Constantine, several pieces of glass of a beautiful purple-green hue, with various bones of graminivorous animals. As far as could be made out by examination of the human



HALSEY COURT, SOMERSET.

with a paper on Stone Coffins found in Combedon, in Bath. The Rev. F. Warre then read Mr. Stradling's paper on a Young Turf-parer's find in the Turbaries. After which, the Rev. A. Jones, on the Application of Philology to Archæological Investigation. This paper was one of great interest, and the derivation of the many Celtic, Saxon, and Norman names in Somersetshire yet extant, were very cleverly elucidated.

Mr. Warre concluded the Morning Meeting by reading Mr. E. A. Freeman's excellent paper on an Analogy between the Churches of East Anglia and those of Somersetshire, and which was illustrated profusely by pen-and-ink sketches of all the examples cited, made by Mr. Freeman.



STONE COFFINS, FOUND AT BATH.

bones, they form part of eight skeletons—three being those of children of about the ages of two, six, and ten or twelve; the remaining five skeletons are those of adults. A fifth coffin was discovered in a line with those already referred to. It contained the perfect skeleton of, apparently, a larger body than any of those found in the other coffins, and a small urn of dark pottery, which was placed on the right side of the skeleton, near the ribs. The contents of the urn were yellowish earth. In addition to the above-mentioned urn, some interesting fragments of Roman pottery were found at the excavations. A sixth stone coffin was discovered, containing the skeletons of two children, about eight or nine years of age.

THE NEW WATER-WEED.

ALTHOUGH the obstructions caused in rivers by this remarkable plant have but of late attracted general notice, by their increased extent, they appear to have been first noticed two years since. In a letter to the *Cambridge Independent Press*, dated Ely, August 11, 1852, Mr. William Marshall states:—

A remarkable plant has recently made its appearance in the rivers Ouse and Cam; and already abounds to such a degree as not only to impede navigation, but, what is of far more importance in this fen country, threatens to injure our drainage.

It occurs in dense, tangled, submerged masses, of considerable extent, and is so heavy, that when out, instead of rising to the surface, and floating down to the sea, like other weeds, it sinks to the bottom. It is this property which is likely to make it injurious to drainage. The intruder is so unlike any other water-plant, that it may be at once recognised by its leaves growing in threes, round a slender stringy stem. The watermen on the river have already named it "Water-thyme," from a faint general resemblance which it bears to that plant.

That it is new to our rivers here is certain; watermen and fishermen pronounce it to be (as I heard one of them call it the other day) "a foreigner."

In a second communication, Mr. Marshall describes the Weed as the *Anacharis alsinastrum* of Mr. C. C. Babington, who so named it in 1848. It was first found in this country in 1842, by Dr. George Johnston, of Berwick-on-Tweed, in the lake of Dunse Castle, which is situated upon a tributary of the White Adder River, which flows into the Tweed. The discovery was lost sight of, and the interest in it ceased, until the autumn of 1847, when it was again discovered by Miss Kirby, of Lubbenham Lodge, in reservoirs adjoining the Foxton Locks, on the canal near Market Harborough, in Leicestershire. The plants were all females, and were found in considerable abundance, growing "closely matted

THE NEW WATER-WEED (*ANACHARIS ALSINASTRUM*).

together." Miss Kirby had not observed it there before, and the reservoirs had been cleaned out two years previously. Mr. Babington next described the plant in the *Annals of Natural History*, for February, 1848, when Dr. Johnston at once recognised it as the plant he had found in the loch at Dunse Castle, and in the following autumn found the plant in two stations in the White Adder River.

The same season, but later, it was found by Mr. James Mitohel, in Nottinghamshire, in the Lene (a tributary of the Trent) near Nottingham, "growing in great profusion for about a quarter of a mile in extent." In November, of the same year, it was found in Northamptonshire, in the Watford Locks, by Mr. Kirk, "very abundant." The Watford Locks are on the same line of canal as the Foxton reservoirs. Mr. Kirk observed that when water was drawn from either of the locks, the force of the current detached small sprigs of the *Anacharis*, which were carried into the body of the canal. Mr. Kirk considered it to be an introduced plant. His plants were also all females. Subsequently, Mr. Kirk changed his views, and regarded the plant, "from its simultaneous discovery in so many other localities," as a true native. He also described it as growing in such dense masses, that it was with difficulty good-sized specimens could be detached, owing to its extreme brittleness.

In August, 1849, it was found in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, by Mr. Edwin Brown, growing "in profusion," in the Trent, near Burton-on-Trent, and also in the canal there. Mr. Brown was convinced that the plant was new to that locality. He describes it as forming "very large submerged masses, of a striking appearance." All the flowers were females. In Christmas, 1850, it was found by Mr. Kirk in Warwickshire, near Rugby, "in the greatest abundance," and in July, 1851, by the same gentleman, in the Oxford Canal, near Wyken Colliery.

The Rev. W. M. Hind, writing from Burton-on-Trent, in July, 1851, describes the plant as occupying a much larger portion of the river than when first noticed, eighteen months before, and adds: "In fact, it bids fair in a short time to block up one of the two streams into which the Trent here divides."

In 1851 the *Anacharis* was noticed by Mr. Marshall and others in the river at Ely, but not in great quantities. Next year it had increased so much that the river might be said to be full of it.

The colour of the plant is deep green; the leaves are about half an inch long, by an eighth wide, egg-shaped at the point, and beset with minute teeth, which cause them to cling. The stems are very brittle, so that whenever the plant is disturbed fragments are broken off. Its powers of increase are prodigious, as every fragment is capable of becoming an independent plant, producing

roots and stems, and extending itself indefinitely in every direction. Most of our water plants require, in order to their increase, to be rooted in the bottom or sides of the river or drain in which they are found; but this is independent altogether of that condition, and actually grows as it travels slowly down the stream, after being cut. The specific gravity of it is so nearly that of water, that it is more disposed to sink than float, and the cut masses may be seen under water, either on or near the bottom, rolling over and over like woolpacks, clinging to everything they meet with, and accumulating in great quantities at locks and bridges (hugging the piers of the latter), and grounding in shoal water. Its mode of growth may be seen in still and narrow waters (such as the streams above the mills at Cambridge), where it seems to spring first from the two sides and bottom, meeting at length in the middle, and completely filling up the watercourse, almost to the exclusion of the water. Except in very quiet places it is not likely to be found in flower. Mr. Marshall met with it at Boswell-hill Pits, below Ely. Mr. Marshall then enters into a statement of the localities in which this weed has been found, and therefrom deduces the opinion that it is an importation from North America. Mr. Marshall's Letters have been reprinted in a pamphlet published by Pamplin, 45, Frith-street, Soho-square.

THE CHANTREY MEMORIAL.

Or the many sites in England which, from having given birth to eminent persons, have become charmed ground, the pleasant village of Norton, about four miles south of Sheffield, is not the least famous. Here Francis Leggitt Chantrey was born, on the 7th of April, 1781. His parents' rank in life was humble; and that young Chantrey at one period carried milk from Newton to Sheffield is certain, though it has been added, he not only lingered on the road to form grotesque figures of the yellow clay, but moulded his mother's butter on churning-days into resemblances of various objects, to the great admiration of the dairymaid. John Raphael Smith, the mezzotint-engraver and portrait-painter, was the first to perceive and appreciate Chantrey's devotion to the study and practice of drawing and modelling, when he was an apprentice to a carver and gilder, at Sheffield. How Chantrey came to London in 1802, and then began to labour at sculpture, in which he never had an hour's instruction from any sculptor; how Chantrey laboured for eight years, without making £5 in his profession; yet how he got £12,000 worth of commissions from his plaster model-bus: of Horne Tooke, which he sent to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, but which neither he nor Horne Tooke could afford to make in marble, the sculptor himself has left on record. Commissions flowed in; Chantrey raised his price from eighty guineas to two hundred guineas for a bust; and his marble progeny of statues people our cathedrals and public institutions with the truthful works of his genius; the long line closing with the statues of Bishop Bathurst and Bishop Ryder, for their respective Cathedrals of Norwich and Lichfield, the last helved to adorn Chantrey returned to London from erecting the statue at Norwich the day before his sudden death, November 25, 1841. The sculptor had willed that his mortal remains should be laid in his native village of Norton; and here he had built himself a vault at the south-west end of the church, in 1840. The influential persons of the neighbourhood came to do honour to his remains; and in the funeral procession were the Master Cutler of Sheffield, and the members of the Company, the Town Trustees, and other authorities.

Years rolled on; and England was justly proud of Chantrey, who, in the expressive words of Allan Cunningham, "formed his taste on no style but that of nature, and no work of any age or country but his own can claim back any inspiration which they have lent him." It was fitting that such purely English genius should be commemorated, and where so appropriately as in the picturesque place of burial, the village churchyard of Norton? Accordingly, an Obelisk has been raised upon Norton-Green, a short distance from the church: the obelisk is twenty-two feet in height, consisting of one block, three feet square at its base; its weight is nine tons, exclusive of the foundation. The material is grey granite, "fine axed," from the quarries of Mr. G. Tregelles, Chesham, Cornwall. The design is by Mr. Philip Hardwick, R.A., and is one of characteristic simplicity: the only inscription it bears is the name CHANTREY. The obelisk has been erected under the superintendence of Mr. Edwin Smith, of the Sheffield Marble Works.

We need scarcely add that the object of this Memorial is to mark the place of Chantrey's birth; and, it has been well observed by a contemporary, that "the inhabitants of Norton and the friends of Sir Francis Chantrey, consider that they could not do less than raise this modest memorial to a man who elevated himself from the condition of a milk-boy to wealth and fame, and who has left the whole of his large property as a legacy to his country." England possesses a greater number of memorials of this class than any other country in the world; and they are individual testimonies of the means by which England has attained her national greatness.

An interesting anecdote of Chantrey was related, at a recent meeting at the Architectural Museum, by Mr. A. B. Beresford Hope, who presided in the chair. His father, Mr. Thomas Hope, was distinguished by his munificence to artists, and he was the early patron of Chantrey and Thorwaldsen. Mr. Hope, moreover, delighted to receive at his artistic mansion in Duchess-street, sculptors, painters, architects, and men of letters. One evening, when Chantrey was present at one of these parties, he specially noticed a piece of carved furniture. On being asked the reason, he replied, "That was my first work."

CIVIC ENTERTAINMENT TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL AT BRISTOL.—The banquet will, it is understood, be on a scale of great magnificence. The entertainment will take place on the 27th or 28th of October; and as neither the council-chamber nor the banquetting-hall of the Society of Merchants is sufficiently capacious, the dinner will be held at the Victoria Rooms.

PROPOSED UNIFORM METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT SEA.—The Board of Trade, in addition to the inducements offered by other Governments to masters of merchant vessels to co-operate in the proposed attempt to make meteorological observations at sea, offer the necessary instruments to masters desiring to have them, on their giving sufficient proof of their attainments.

CIVIL PENSION-LIST FOR 1852-53.—The following were the new pensions granted:—To Mr. J. N. Hind (astronomy), £200; to Dr. Manell (geology), £100; to Mrs. Southey (literature), £200; to Colonel Taylor's widow, £100; to Mr. Ronalds (electricity), £75; to Miss Costello (literature), £75; to Dr. Richardson (literature), £75; to Mr. Pugin's widow (art), £100; to General Colby's widow (trigonometrical survey), £100; to Mr. Jordan (literature), £100; to Professor Dunbar's widow and daughters (literature), £75. That is to say, literature received £525; science, £475; art, £100; and a soldier's widow, £100.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE IN BOULOGNE.—The Empress, who is much improved in health, arrived at Boulogne on Monday evening, at five o'clock, accompanied by her ladies of honour and a suite of domestics. The road from the railway terminus to the Royal château, at Capécure, was lined on both sides by the Imperial Guard, and all the brilliancy of a great military display was brought into action in order to give éclat to her Majesty's visit. On the arrival of the train, the Empress was greeted by a salute of twenty-one guns, and was received by the Emperor, who was in waiting at the station, surrounded by his staff of officers, and attended by that magnificent regiment the Cent-Gardes. The Poissardes, or fishwomen, of Boulogne were dressed out on the occasion in their best holiday clothes; and, having formed themselves into procession, walked to the railway station, and there awaited the arrival of her Majesty, to pay their respects to their Imperial mistress. Each of them carried a beautiful bouquet of flowers in her right hand; and the bright scarlet petticoats with which they were all clothed, rendered the scene one of an unusually gay and picturesque character. The Empress having graciously acknowledged the favours intended for her, was handed into an open carriage by her husband. The Emperor having then mounted his horse, the splendid cortège proceeded slowly to the château, amid the cheers which were given for the Royal party, and the cries of "Vivent l'Empereur et l'Impératrice!" Amongst the distinguished persons present on the occasion was Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, who attracted considerable attention. He sat alone in an open carriage, and was attired in the splendid uniform of his high military rank. In the early part of the day the Emperor visited the Camp, and afterwards drove a small two-horse open carriage through the town.

PAYMENT OF CUSTOMS DUTIES BY CHEQUES.—Government has made arrangements which will in future enable merchants to pay all their Customs duties by their own cheques upon their bankers, and which, while it renders the public revenue perfectly secure, will be equally available to all traders alike, will remove all the objections of the existing system, and effect a further very large economy in the circulation of the country. The new system will come into operation on the 11th of October. It is to be confined, in the first instance, to London. The sum annually collected in the port of London for Customs duties is about £13,000,000.

FOUR THOUSAND MILES IN SIXTEEN DAYS.—There is now in the London-docks, just arrived from Canton, a splendid clipper-ship, called the *Romance of the Sea*, 1781 tons register, which has made one of the quickest voyages on record. After leaving Java Head, on her way home from China, she made, in sixteen consecutive days, 4,172 miles—in six of which she averaged 307 miles per day.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Oct. 1.—16th Sunday after Trinity. Pheasant shooting begins.
MONDAY, 2.—London University opened, 1828.
TUESDAY, 3.—King's College opened, 1831.
WEDNESDAY, 4.—Sir John Keble died, 1821.
THURSDAY, 5.—Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, born, 1717.
FRIDAY, 6.—Louis Philippe, late King of the French, born, 1773.
SATURDAY, 7.—Christophe, Emperor of Hayti, died, 1820.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7, 1854.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
3 35	9 25	10 15	11 0	11 45	Tide	0 15
0 45	1 5	1 30	1 40	2 10	2 30	2 45

THE VOLUMES OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARK-LANE.—We are quite familiar with the practice in the United States, of distinguishing between the "Indian corn crop" and the "wheat crop": the former usually exceeding the latter by about one-third. In quoting from the *Chicago Democratic Press*, we followed the American nomenclature; and stated the deficiency of one half in the six States referred to would be highly injurious, because they were the principal "grazing, stock-growing, and hog-producing States of the Union;" and, as hogs are not fed on wheat, we could not anticipate that, in this part of our remark, wheat would be mistaken for Indian corn. Our extracts from the *Cincinnati Columbian*, of Aug. 21, related to wheat, not to Indian corn; and the term wheat is used in our article. That journal belongs to Ohio; and, in speaking of the deficiency which would lead to the necessity of importation, we expressly confined ourselves to the State of Ohio. If, then, our Correspondent will do us the favour to refer once more to our columns, he will perceive that we actually made the distinction between Indian corn and wheat, which he thinks we have confounded; we spoke of the former when quoting from Chicago, of the latter when referring to Ohio.

A CORRESPONDENT.—We have not room for the long extract on the propriety of placing Bewick's Cartoons of the Prophets and Sibyls of Michael Angelo, in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham. We do not doubt it. **CRESSY.**—Arms of Radclyffe, Earl of Derwentwater: Arg. a bend engr. sa. Crest: A bull's head erased sa., ducally gorged and chained az. Motto: "Caen, Cressy, Calais."

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE COMMENCEMENT.—A married man should, on all occasions, bear his wife's arms impaled with his own, unless the wife be an heiress; and then he must carry them on an escutcheon of pretence.

S. P. Q.—The usage of arms does not constitute an Esquire. See the question, "Who is an Esq.?" fully discussed in "The Patriarch."

We this Week, in a half-sheet Supplement, present to our readers Specimens of Drawings and Engravings by English Artists. In a spirit of friendly rivalry, the French Artists and Engravers are producing in Paris a similar Supplement for the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*; which they expect will favourably compare with the present Specimens of English Art.

The History of the First Campaign in the Russian War will be completed in a future Number of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, with the Account of the **ATTACK ON SEBASTOPOL**; on which occasion we shall give **A SPLENDID LARGE PRINT**, from the Best Authorities.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1854.

The telegraphic despatch which arrived last week, and announced the debarkation of our troops, was somewhat premature and incorrect. They were neither all landed on the day stated, nor were they landed at Eupatoria. These little errors in a new instrument, which some individuals may have an interest in discrediting, are, however, easily forgiven when the real fact is at least as important and gratifying as the misstatement. Lord Raglan's official communication informs us "that the Allied armies arrived at the place of disembarkation, near the Old Fort (about thirty miles north of Sebastopol, and twenty south of Eupatoria), in latitude forty-five degrees, at the break of day on the 14th, and before night succeeded in landing nearly all their infantry, and part of their artillery. On the 15th the swell on the shore considerably impeded operations, and the exertions of the fleet, under the immediate command of Sir Edmund Lyons, excited admiration. The surf continued on the 16th; nevertheless, the disembarkation of the horses and baggage was proceeding with the utmost rapidity." On the 17th, according to another despatch, the whole of the army, the munitions of war, and the artillery were landed; and the troops, in the highest spirits, were moving on Sebastopol. The place where they have actually landed is nearer Sebastopol than the spot first announced; it is equally provided with a good road to the fortress; and we may, therefore, expect every hour to hear important intelligence. It has been stated that Sebastopol was likely to be attacked on the 20th; it has also been stated that Prince Menschikoff was to oppose the advance of the Allies. Neither of these statements has been confirmed; but it is said that the Russian Embassy at Vienna has information from the Crimea to the 22nd, which is unfavourable. We wait patiently for the correct and official information, trusting that it will be all that we can wish; and will hazard no conjecture, either as to what the Russians will do or what will be the exact date of our success. It is, however, very satisfactory to know that the Tartar population of the Crimea welcomes the Allied troops as deliverers, supplies them with provisions, and assists the undertaking. We last week reminded our readers that Russia could not confide in the population of the Crimea. In fact, the Government of the Czar—being one altogether founded on coercion and restraint, domineering over serfs at home, and, by their instrumentality, conquering other people—is nowhere supported by voluntary zeal and exertion; and wherever the fear of its power is removed, it will find itself surrounded by enemies. Now that its territory is invaded, we may look, we believe, for a more complete abasement of the barbarous despotism than, at the beginning of the contest, was expected. Omer Pacha is to contribute to the success in the Crimea by pressing forward into Bessarabia.

In the Baltic, the Czar is to be alarmed for Revel, which is threatened with an attack; and the continued presence

in that sea of our fleet will compel him to detain many of his forces in the neighbourhood of his capital. The rumour of Sir Charles Napier's return was premature; and at present there are hopes that something more will yet be achieved in the Baltic before the ice and the storms of that fresh-water sea render it an unsafe place for our ships.

What we stated of Prussia a fortnight ago is now fully confirmed. A circular note, dated the 3rd inst., from that Power—though the meaning be wrapped up in more than the usual quantity of diplomatic verbiage—plainly announces his Prussian Majesty's intention not to support Austria in her opposition to Russia, and his intention to appeal to his German Confederates to take the same course as he has adopted. Austria, on her part, has also published a circular, dated the 14th inst., in which the differences with Prussia are distinctly avowed, though Austria shrinks from making them the subject of discussion before the Diet. She declares again that "she cannot depart from the conditions agreed to with the Allied Powers, to which hopes of peace and future security are now solely linked," and she expresses a "hope that the period may not be distant when Russia will not hold herself back from negotiations now rejected on the point." Austria may still, possibly, rely on Prussia to co-operate with her, should Russia attack Austria; though the emphatic manner in which she reminds Prussia of her engagement to do so, implies a suspicion to the contrary. But it is clear that she cannot, nor does any person, rely on Prussia, to aid her in inducing the Czar to negotiate, and establish such a peace as will secure the repose of Europe. To the Western Powers, however, the obvious disagreement between Austria and Prussia, mainly arising from the jealousy of the latter, can be of no importance. From Prussia they have expected no assistance; and Austria is too deeply pledged to them to depart from that course of *quasi* hostility to the Czar, of which they have already approved.

The British Association is this year rather remarkable for the practical nature of its inquiries, and for their bearings on the condition of the people. We notice, for example, that the President, in his opening address, referred to such a homely but necessary subject of investigation as the number of crimes committed in different communities; and to the fact, equally strange and important when duly considered, that the civilised nations of Europe, having in the main one science, one religion, and one civilisation—for they all go forward in conjunction, if not exactly *pari passu*—have different classifications for crimes, and punish the same actions in very different manners. Hence immediately arises a question of almost infinite importance to national jurisprudence: "Which of all the nations of Europe takes just and correct views of crime, or are they all in error?" The noble President adverted to another extremely important but equally homely topic, viz., how to navigate ships swiftly and safely. So many of our relations now go across the ocean, that this is a subject deeply interesting to us all. Not now for the first time have seamen taken a note of the set of currents in the ocean, and of prevalent winds; but of late, Lieutenant Maury, of the United States, has paid great attention to the matter, and, by collecting observations from many quarters, as to the prevailing winds and currents, has improved navigation, and shortened voyages very considerably. He has organised a plan to collect observations of a similar character, and in a similar form, over every part of the ocean, and by every ship which goes to sea. Our Board of Trade has appointed a department to promote this good work; and the Chairman gave to the Association a good deal of information as to what has already been done, and is now doing. Pursuing similar useful objects, the Association has been studying and discussing the variations discovered of late in the compasses on board ship, which led, probably, to the melancholy loss of the *Tayleur*, and may have contributed to many other disastrous losses. It has also had under its consideration reports of the increase of crimes and of the best means of punishing and preventing them; a paper on the late strike at Preston, and in the manufacturing districts, and on the causes and cures of such sad aberrations from order and prudence; and a very elaborate paper on the progress of banking in England, on a remarkable diminution which has taken place in the bank-notes issued, and on the effects on our circulation of the Act of 1844, for regulating the currency. Then, papers have been read on the best form for ships; and on a variety of subjects of a similarly useful, social, and moral character, to those we have described. These pursuits of the Association are nothing new; they are things to which, more or less, it has at all times attended; but the great quantity of time it has now devoted to them, and the prominent place they have assumed in the investigations, demonstrate how absorbing these subjects, treated of day after day in almost all the journals, are now becoming for all scientific men. They engage too, the attention of novelists, who take them up with great zeal, and carry important social truths into minds to which newspapers and scientific deductions have no access. We are not disposed to say that the Association will much hasten the discovery of truth on these important questions. They have an interest for the bulk of the community; they are discussed, more or less, by every man in it; they form the staple of most of the discussions in the daily and weekly journals; to them, the members of the Association, who constitute but a small part of the multitude engaged in the inquiry, contribute their mites of information, and they will be promoted much more by the general discussion in the press than by what is brought forward by the Association. Nevertheless, as an index to the growing and absorbing interest of moral and social questions, the direction which the discussions of the Association are taking is worthy of notice. All great discoveries have been the consequence of many successive small discoveries and of many minds having been engaged at the same time in similar pursuits. We infer, therefore, from the present concentration of the national intellect on moral and social questions, that some great improvements are coming into day. We have had of late great discoveries in chemistry, in electricity, and in all the arts of creating wealth; the probability, therefore, seems to be that the next great discoveries will tend to raise the moral condition of man, now evidently depressed in relation to a level with his physical acquisitions.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

PREFEMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.—*Rectories:* The Rev W. Williams, to Bedwas, near Ruddy annexed, Monmouthshire; Rev. F. W. Cobb, to Nettleshead, near Maidstone; Rev. C. Harbin, to Teston, near Maidstone; Rev. E. L. Marrett, to Morborne, Huntingdonshire. *Vicarages:* The Rev. G. Carpenter, to Stapleford, Wiltshire; Rev. J. Hooper, to Mopham, Lincolnshire; The Rev. J. Paul, to St. Matthew's, Twickenham; Rev. H. M. J. Bowles, to St. Paul's, Framilode, Gloucester; Rev. W. Melburne, to Redcar.

DEPARTURE OF THE BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF BORNEO.—On Thursday a special service was held at the parish church of St. James's, Piccadilly, for the purpose of enabling those who take an interest in the missionary operations in Borneo to bid farewell to the Rev. Dr. McDougall, the Bishop-elect, and the missionaries who are about to sail with him to that distant sphere of labour. Prayers were read by the Rev. J. G. Cowan; and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Jacobson, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, from the 21st verse of the 15th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. After the sermon, a liberal collection on behalf of a female education fund in Borneo was made, and the Holy Communion was administered. It is not yet known when Dr. McDougall's consecration to the new bishopric will take place. The Bishop-designate was formerly a medical man connected with King's College, London.

On Wednesday Mr. Robert Wm. Howell, B.A., scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, was elected to the vacant fellowship on the South Wales foundation. Mr. Howell obtained a second class "In Literis Humanioribus" in Michaelmas Term, 1852.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.
TAKEN DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

Month and Day.	Corrected Reading of Barometer at 9 A.M.	Thermometer.		Mean Temperature of the Day.	Departure of Temperature from Average.	Degree of Humidity.	Direction of Wind.	Rain in Inches.
		Highest Reading.	Lowest Reading.					
Sept. 22	30.367	61.2	40.6	50.3	- 5.0	72	N.E.	0.01
" 23	30.195	62.1	48.7	55.3	+ 0.3	87	N.W.	0.01
" 24	30.652	69.5	54.0	60.0	+ 5.2	77	W.	0.01
" 25	30.245	63.2	42.8	52.6	- 2.1	73	N.W.	0.00
" 26	30.338	68.2	39.6	53.5	- 0.9	77	N.W.	0.00
" 27	30.308	72.6	40.0	54.6	+ 0.4	75	S.E.	0.00
" 28	30.112	73.0	41.4	57.5	+ 3.5	79	S.E.	0.00

Note.—The sign — denotes below the average, and the sign + above the average. The numbers in the seventh column are calculated on the supposition that the saturation of the air is represented by 100.

The reading of the barometer (corrected) decreased from 30.31 inches at the beginning of the week, to 29.96 inches by the afternoon of the 24th; increased to 30.34 inches by the 26th, and decreased to 30.28 inches by the afternoon of the same day; increased to 30.31 inches by the 27th; and decreased to 30.04 inches by the end of the week. The mean for the week at the height of 82 feet was 30.205 inches.

The mean temperature of the week was 54.8°, being 0.2° above the average of 54 years.

The range of temperature during the week was 23.4°, being the difference between the lowest reading of the thermometer on the 26th, and the highest on the 28th.

The mean daily range of temperature during the week was 23.2°. The least was 13.4°, on the 23rd; and the greatest 32.6°, on the 27th.

Rain fell slightly on three days during the week.

The weather during the week has been fine, particularly on the last two days, when the sky was almost cloudless.

Fog was prevalent on the 27th.

Lewisham, September 29, 1854.

JAMES GLAISHER.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The number of births registered within the metropolitan districts, within the week ending September 23rd, was 1628, of which 833 were boys, and 795 girls. The number of deaths within the same period was 2504; of which 1194 were males and 1310 females. The deaths at three different periods of life were as follows:—Children under fifteen years of age, 1009, exceeding the corrected average by 462; at ages between fifteen and sixty, there were 1056 deaths, exceeding the corrected average by 657; and at ages exceeding 60 years there were 436 deaths, exceeding the corrected average by 230. The number of deaths caused by diarrhoea and dysentery was 195, being less than in the preceding week by 44, and less than in the week ending September 16th by 59; the disease is, therefore, upon the decline. The number of deaths caused by cholera was 1284, a number less than in the preceding week by 265, and less than in the week ending September 16th by 766; thus showing a further decrease of cholera. Out of a population of 376,427 in 1851, in the West Metropolitan districts, there were 380 deaths; of those 216 were caused by cholera; in the North districts, out of a population of 490,396 in 1851, the deaths were 303, and 70 were caused by cholera; in the Central districts (population in 1851 was 393,258), the deaths were 240, and cholera carried off 77; in the East districts (population in 1851 was 485,522), the number of deaths was 475, the number referred to cholera was 197; and, in the South districts, out of a population of 616,635 in 1851, there were 1106 deaths, and 724 were referred to cholera. The total number of deaths by cholera in these districts, up to September 23rd, is 8953. Of these, 1774 have occurred in the west; 645 in the north; 495 in the central; 1170 in the east; and 4669 in the south districts. In the west districts one death has taken place out of 210 inhabitants; in the north, 1 out of 760; in the central, 1 out of 800 nearly; in the east districts 1 out of 420; and in the south, the comparative large proportion of 1 out of 130 inhabitants.

SWEARING IN OF THE NEW SHERIFFS.—A Court of Aldermen was held on Thursday, at the Guildhall, for the purpose of the induction of the recently-elected Sheriffs for the City of London and Middlesex, Henry Mugeridge, Esq., citizen and innholder, Alderman of Castle Baynard Ward, and Charles D. Crosley, Esq., citizen and poulterer, into the office of Sheriff of London and Sheriff of the county of Middlesex, and the administration of the oaths required by the statute, for the due performance of such office for the year ensuing. Previous to the holding of the Court, the Sheriffs elect entertained the Master Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Innholders Company, the Deputy and Common-council of the Ward of Castle Baynard, the Sheriffs (Alderman Wire and G. A. Wallis, Esq.), and a numerous circle of private friends, to a splendid breakfast at the Albion Tavern, Alder-gate-street. Shortly before two o'clock, the Lord Mayor, attended by several members of the Court of Aldermen, the Recorder, the Sheriffs (Alderman Mugeridge and Charles D. Crosley, Esq.), their Under Sheriffs (Alexander Crosley, Esq., and Fred. Farrer, Esq.), and other Corporate officers, proceeded to the hustings in the Guildhall, to attend the Common Hall of the Livery. The Lord Mayor having taken the chair, and the usual preliminaries having been gone through, the oaths were administered by Mr. Sergeant Merewether, the Town Clerk, to, and subscribed by both the sheriffs-elect, and also by Alex. Crosley, Esq., as Senior Under Sheriff. The chains of office having been placed over the shoulders of the Sheriffs, the ceremony closed. The Sheriffs briefly addressed the Livery, and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs returned to the Court of Aldermen.

ST. MAGNUS CHURCH, London-bridge, has just been re-opened, having been thoroughly repaired. It has one of Sir Christopher Wren's finest interiors; and the beautifully-carved altarpiece has been freed from its covering of paint, and brought out in its original oak.

THE CHINESE CHIEF AND HIS CHAPLAIN.—The *California Courier* states that the honour of having trained and disciplined the chief who set in motion the ball of the revolution in China, belongs to J. I. Roberts, late a planter on the banks of the Mississippi. Tae-pae-wang has recently written a letter to the Rev. Mr. Roberts, in which he invites him to the camp of the insurgents as their teacher and chaplain. In this letter he alludes to their former acquaintance, and to the deep impression which still remained on his mind from the religious instruction he had received from him. He says, nearly all the provinces have come under his control, that myriads of men assemble morning and evening for worship, and to observe the Ten Heavenly Commandments. But he confesses, with apparent regret, that few of them are deeply versed in the doctrines of the Gospel. He therefore urges Mr. Roberts to come to his camp; which invitation has been accepted, and Mr. Roberts is now travelling as chaplain to the Revolutionists.

POSTAGE TO AUSTRALIA.—On and from the 1st of October, the postage upon letters conveyed, whether by packet or private ship, between the United Kingdom and the following British colonies—viz., New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia—will be reduced to a combined British and colonial rate of—For a letter not exceeding half an ounce in weight, 6d.; for a letter exceeding half an ounce and not exceeding one ounce, 1s.; for a letter exceeding one ounce and not exceeding two ounces, 2s.; and so, increasing 1s. for every ounce or fraction of an ounce. The postage upon these letters may be paid in advance, or they may be forward unpaid, at the option of the sender. The foregoing reduction of postage will extend to all letters directed to Van Diemen's Land which are sent by the Australian mail-packets, whether those which go direct to Australia, or those which take the route of Singapore, as well as to all letters for New Zealand, specially addressed "via Melbourne," or "via Sydney;" but upon such letters, both those for New Zealand, and those for Van Diemen's Land, the postage must be paid in advance, or the letters cannot be forwarded.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BART., K.C.H., D.C.L.



SIR GEORGE ARTHUR died on the 19th inst., after a lengthened illness. He was born 21st June, 1784, the fourth son of the late John Arthur, Esq., of Plymouth, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Thomas Cornish, Esq., of Portsmouth. He entered the army as Ensign, 91st Regiment, in 1804; and, in 1806, served in Sir James Craik's expedition to Italy. The next year he proceeded to Egypt, and was severely wounded at Rosetta. He went shortly after, on duty, to Sicily, under Sir James Kempt; and, in 1809, commanded the light company of his regiment in the Walcheren Expedition; being employed in the attack on Flushing, and being again wounded. For his gallantry he was thanked in General Orders, and appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General. When the Duke of Manchester was Governor of Jamaica, he selected Captain Arthur to be Lieutenant-Governor of Honduras. In 1823 he was nominated Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land, and remained twelve years in that Colony. In 1837 he was chosen to proceed to Upper Canada as Lieutenant-Governor, and remained there until the union of the Upper and Lower Provinces. In 1841 he was created a Baronet; and from 1842 to 1846 filled the important station of Governor of Bombay. In 1846 he attained the rank of Major-General; and in 1853 received the Colonelcy of the 50th Foot. Sir George Arthur married, in 1814, Eliza-Ord-Usher, second daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Frederick Sigismund Smith, R.A., K.C.B., and leaves a large family; of which the eldest surviving son is now Sir Frederick Leopold Arthur, second Baronet; and the eldest daughter, Isabella Maria, is wife of Compton Domville, Esq., eldest son of Sir Compton Domville, Bart.

LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. ROBERT EDWARD BOYLE, M.P., OF THE COLDESTREAM GUARDS.



THE death of this gallant officer took place at Varna on the 3rd inst., when he was on the point of accompanying his regiment to the Crimea. By this much lamented event, the representation of Frome, the office of Groom in Waiting to her Majesty, and a company in the Coldestream Guards become vacant.

Colonel Boyle was born in March, 1809, the third son of the present venerable Earl of Cork, by Isabella Henrietta his wife, third daughter of William Poyntz, Esq., of Midgham, Berkshire. He married, 23rd October, 1844, Georgiana, youngest daughter of Abraham Wilkey Roberts, Esq., of Hill-street, Berkeley-square, and leaves two sons and as many daughters. Colonel Boyle was formerly Secretary of the Order of St. Patrick, but resigned the appointment as incompatible with his election to Parliament. For some time he was State Steward to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He obtained the rank of Major in the Army in 1846, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldestream Guards in 1847.

THOMAS, LORD DENMAN.

THIS distinguished and accomplished lawyer, who acted for many years so prominent a part on the political arena, and presided with such dignity and ability over the Court of Queen's Bench as Lord Chief Justice from 1832 to 1850, died at Stoke Albany, Northamptonshire, on the 22nd inst., from an attack of apoplexy.

Lord Denman, the descendant of a respectable family long settled in the counties of Nottingham and Derby, was born 23rd Feb., 1779, the only son of Thomas Denman, M.D., an eminent physician of London, by Elizabeth Brodie, his wife, aunt of the present Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart. He received his education at Eton, and at St. John's College, Cambridge; was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, in 1806; became Solicitor-General to the Queen in 1820; was chosen Common Sergeant of the City of London in 1822; and in 1828 received a Patent of Precedence, as Queen's Counsel. From 1830 to 1832 he filled, under Lord Grey's Government, the office of Attorney-General; and in the latter year succeeded Lord Tenterden, as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. In 1841 his Lordship presided as Lord High Steward at the trial of the Earl of Cardigan. Previous to his elevation to the Bench and Peerage, he sat in the House of Commons for the town of Nottingham.

Lord Denman was distinguished by an undeviating rectitude of principle, a manly and simple eloquence, and a high independence of character. The most memorable epochs of his life were the periods of Queen Caroline's trial; of struggles for Reform; and the contests for religious liberty. Lord Denman married, 18th October, 1804, Theodosia-Anne, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Richard Ververs, Rector of Saxby, county Leicester, by Theodosia-Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Sir Edmund Anderson, Bart., of Lea; and by her (who died 28th June, 1852) had five sons and six daughters. Of the former, the eldest, Thomas, now second Lord Denman, was born 30th July, 1805; and married, 12th August, 1829, Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Roe.

A Bust of Lord Denman, by Moore, an admirable likeness, is engraved in No. 605 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

W. H. BARTLETT.

Mr. W. H. BARTLETT, whose premature death has just been announced, was favourably known by his historical and illustrated works. His "Forty Days in the Desert," "Nile Boat," "Walks about Jerusalem," and other works of Biblical and Classic interest, have passed through several editions, and acquired a steady popularity both in England and America. "The Pilgrim Fathers," his last published work, like its predecessors of the series, is beautifully illustrated.

Mr. Bartlett's last visit to the East was undertaken only a few months ago, in order to inspect some ancient remains of Biblical interest, to furnish a series of illustrations for a new pictorial book on the subject. On his passage home from Greece, he was taken suddenly ill on board the French steamer *Egyptus*, and died in the course of the following day in the prime of life. To the talents of an accomplished artist, a popular writer, and a traveller—whose graphic descriptions of society, as well as scenery, in every quarter of the world, are generally read and admired—Mr. Bartlett added those higher qualities of mind and heart, which, with all who knew him intimately, formed a bond of attachment which only strengthened with years; and is now out as under when most of the difficulties and dangers to which he had been often exposed, appeared to be overcome.

Upon his widow and young family, who were in hourly expectation of his safe return, his death has fallen with peculiar severity; and the weight of their bereavement, we fear, will not be a little increased by the fact that Mr. Bartlett was never able to retain any copyright in the works which bear his name.

THE LATE MR. ELIJAH WILLIAMS, THE CELEBRATED CHESS-PLAYER.—(From a Correspondent.)—This lamented gentleman was professionally a surgeon, but for many years had discontinued practice. When the cholera, to which he fell a victim, broke out, he benevolently posted a notice on the door of his house, inviting the poor to apply to him for preventive medicines, if attacked by premonitory symptoms, offering it to them gratuitously. On leaving his home for the last time, he asked his wife to give him some of the medicine, as he felt unwell. Unfortunately, the last bottle was exhausted. He walked to town, and was seized with violent pains near Northumberland House, in the Strand, and on the advice of a friend, went to the Charing-cross Hospital for relief. This occurred on the 6th of this month; on the 8th he expired in that establishment. Some of the medical men hoped that the crisis had passed; but Mr. Williams pointed to the blue marks on his nails. He was convinced, from this discoloration, that he would not survive. He has left a widow and four young children, utterly unprovided for; but his friends are raising a subscription for her support. It is hoped that this melancholy case, really worthy of Christian charity, will excite the sympathy of chess-players in particular. We urge the claims of the widow (the more earnestly, because we are personally acquainted with her truly deplorable position. Her youngest child is only eight months old. She is an amiable lady, deserving of aid in her sad bereavement.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—Legacies amounting to £60,000, bequeathed by the late Mrs. Margaret Wilson, of Eaton-square:—To the London City Missionary Society, £5000; Consumption Hospital, £5000; Cancer Hospital, £5000; Religious Tract Society, £5000; Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Belfast, £5000; and Blind Asylum, £5000. And a sum of £80,000, to be invested for deserving poor women of Belfast, who have attained sixty years of age, to receive 7s. a week.—William Stone Lewis, Esq., barrister-at-law, of Gray's Inn and Hendon, who died possessed of a personalty estimated at £40,000, has bequeathed to the Hendon Parochial Schools, £200; to each of the thirteen Metropolitan Police-courts, £25 each; and £50 to each of the following institutions:—The St. Marylebone Girls' School, National Schools, and Female Penitentiary; the Mid-dlesex Hospital, the Mendicity Society, and Nightly Shelter to the Houseless Poor.

OMER PACHA.

(From a Correspondent.)

It has been my fortune to meet this now celebrated man in many stages of his career. My first knowledge of him was in the Syria campaign, and afterwards during a rebellion in the Lebanon, when he defeated the Druses in their native fastnesses, and took Deir El Khaman, the capital of the mountains. I followed with interest his Kurdish campaign, and admired the man who, with inferior forces, a defective commissariat, no roads, and a brave enemy, out-maneuvred, outwitted, and conquered. His advancement under every disadvantage must convince us that he is a really great man; one not the sport of circumstances, but who makes and masters them. From a poor refugee he has risen to be Commander-in-Chief, a post never before occupied by a renegade or a foreigner. I saw Omer Pacha last a few days back, and purpose, as well as I can, giving a description of his appearance, and such parts of his conversation as will interest the public. I had arrived that morning at Rustchuk, and sent him letters of importance: these he read, and begged me to call on him in the evening, when he would have leisure to talk with me. At the appointed hour, accompanied by the usual incumbrance of some dozen followers, I entered the outer gate of his serai, where two respectfully-dressed soldiers kept guard; from this we passed on to an inner court, where was another sentry; still unquestioned, we entered the open door and mounted the stairs: here my servants paused and I went on alone. The stairs opened on a good-sized room; on either side were two other rooms, whose doors stood open: these composed the whole house. The Pacha had arrived but a few days previously, and had taken possession of the house as a mere temporary shelter. A servant at the door pointed out the room; and, entering through the folding doors, I found the man all Europe was talking of sitting on a divan, conversing with a Colonel, who was detailing the progress of the works then in course of erection on the other side of the Danube. I could not but wonder at the report, and noticed the entire want of mention of the gallant English officers who had planned, and even personally assisted at the works in question. Omer Pacha rose and greeted me kindly, saying a few civil things. I then, at his request, detailed some things he wished explained, gave in my report, and made several remarks—all of which he took, as I intended them, in a kindly way.

Omer Pacha is just the age for work and action. He has reached that time of life when the first fire and heat of the passions clothes the man—if left with matured strength and intellect, and will confirmed—unswayed by any of the more animal qualities of our nature. This period of a man's life is more dependant on constitution than on years; and Omer has reached it about fifty odd years of age. Blessed with good health, all his actions—nay, movements—are vigorous and energetic. Tall and spare, his frame is muscular and well knit. His eyes are good and quick; his closed lips bespeak a man of determined purpose—a man to dare and to do. The responsibility of his situation and past work seems to have told little on him; and there was an easy assured manner about him which seemed to say, I have done all I can, and await the result without any anxiety. He was dressed in a white coat, with plain coloured trousers, with broad straps covering the mush, or under-shoe; a waistcoat, and a collarless shirt; and, altogether, for a man on whom hung so much, looked provokingly cool and comfortable. Our conversation was carried on in French, but the moment the Pacha warmed he ran off into Italian—a tongue he was much more at home in. During the hours he detained me, letters and despatches were constantly arriving, which he read, asking my leave to do so. "Widdin! ah," he said, "my sick get on well; and no enemy seen yet west of the Aluta." Having read them, a secretary was summoned, a few words given, and we talked again. And so it was a dozen times, at least. Nothing disconcerted him. A fresh secretary was called; fresh orders were given; and then, apparently, he laid the whole subject aside, and went on conversing about entirely different matters. One or two of the letters—for he read them aloud—contained information that would, had I been in his place, have set me half frantic:—Here, food had failed; orders to remedy the want were issued. There, a General had disobeyed his most positive orders: a new combination to meet the emergency was drawn out—and so on. What a happy quality this is, this power of dismissing any harassing thoughts; how much of pain and trouble it saves us poor humble folk. It must be a whole day saved to the General. Happy those who possess it.

The Pacha inveighed greatly against the delay of the Allies, and almost laughed at their continued stay at Varna and its environs. "The Russians (he said) have allowed us three opportunities of crushing them. The first was before the Allies had declared war; the next on their retreat from the Dobruzha and Silistria; the third is passing away now. We cannot expect a fourth; we do not deserve it." He explained how the campaign had been just as he planned it, and how the Russians had but done what he should have asked them to do. "Silistria (he said) I feared would fall. Its defence was more than I could expect; but then I had a right to look for more help from inundation of the Danube and the climate, not that the latter did not help me, for I hear 22,000 Russians were put hors de combat by it. I calculate (he said) their passage of the river cost them 30,000 men, and me 4000; but then it made all my soldiers worth two of what they were before. I have gradually drawn them on from little to little; I have given them battle under favourable circumstances; I have led them from skirmish to victory till now they have a conviction of their own invincibility: they have gained confidence in themselves, and now despise the enemy almost as much as they feared him a year ago. My poor fellows began the war with a thorough conviction that they would be annihilated; now they are confident of success, and long for the day of action as the bright time of victory." In answer to a question of mine, he said, "Yes, I believe the faith among them to be a most sincere conviction, that falling in battle they are martyrs, and enter into the joys of Paradise at once. This forms one of the great objections the Ba-hi-bozouks have to entering the French service, and receiving French pay; by taking Christian money, they fear forfeiting their future reward; and consequently numbers of them have deserted." He said, "I studied the material of the Russians well during the time I was with them, for I was attached to their staff when their troops were at Unkier Skelessi; they are fine machines, but want individuality. They are oppressed and ill-fed; so want energy and stamina. Many of their Generals I have known personally—Liders particularly. I grounded half my plans on my knowledge of him; hence my perpetual passages of the Danube. His indecision and my attacks kept him perpetually harassing his troops with orders and counter-orders—marches and retreats. Gortchakoff, I flatter myself I can always beat. He is a man of plans and rule; and no exigency will induce him to change his laid down method. And of all things which admit of change, it is a glance, a decision, a redecision, a coup, a rush, an instant thought acted upon at once. I believe no General ever planned a battle as he actually fought it." "Yes (he said), the patriotism of all classes has been wonderful; and nothing but it could have enabled us to sustain the war. All classes seem to consider giving up part preferable to losing the whole." And he went on in this strain. Whether he believed it himself, or wished me to do so, I do not know; if the latter, he certainly failed entirely. He then went on and described his own early career—how he had been disgusted at civil engineering, to which he was kept; and how—but the world knows the rest.

We talked a long while; he repeatedly requesting me not to go. He inveighed again and again against the delays of the Allies. "I cannot alone, destroy the foe. Our efforts have been great, but they have exhausted us; but I am ready, and my commissariat prepared. Let but a force appear, to aid me, and I will throw my men, 40,000, across the Danube. Of money, by Jove, we have none; and credit is not compatible with rapidity of movement." I must say I quitted this man inspired more than ever with the conviction that he was a great man. He was a gentleman; Eastern life had not a whit emasculated this German, and one might have sought long ere he could find a person more Frank than he.

He spoke of our English cavalry with rapture; himself a great connoisseur of horses, and a possessor of hundreds of the best-bred animals of all nations, he appreciated their points, their great speed, and yet perfect management. "I had," he said, "to touch my Arab's side with the spur, to escape them—they came like an avalanche. Good-by, friend, we may meet again." Omer only wishes for the Allies. He has done his part, and will do it still. But why did they delay in the rear? why do not they advance, as I am sure they can do theirs?

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE AT LIVERPOOL.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the great scientific body commenced in this town on Wednesday, September 20th, when St. George's Hall was devoted up to the officers of the Association, for their use until the 27th; and it was immediately partitioned out to the various purposes of the meeting. The Crown Court was assigned to the Section of Geography and Ethnology; the Civil Court, to that of Mathematics and Physics; the Sheriff's Court, to Mechanical Science; the Daily Court, to Chemistry and Mineralogy; the Grand Jury room, to Zoology, Botany, and Physiology; the Concert-room, to Geology; and the Library, in addition, while the Grand Hall was reserved for visitors; and the other smaller apartments for committee-rooms, and other purposes. Some few modifications in these arrangements were made in the course of the week, but these were easily effected, from the circumstance that (now for the first time) the whole Association has been accommodated in one building. In number, the present meeting has far exceeded all that have gone before; scarcely a name of any distinction in British science was absent; and there was a good sprinkling of eminent persons from abroad.

At the opening meeting on Wednesday evening last, which was held in the Philharmonic-hall, Mr. Hopkins, the President of last year, resigned the chair to his successor, the Earl of Harrowby, who, as usual, delivered an address of considerable length in which he recorded the progress made in the various branches of science embraced by the Association during the past year. He ended by congratulating the Association on the splendid reception which was now given to them at Liverpool. The Earl of Derby, in a playful speech, moved a vote of thanks to the President for his address which was seconded by Sir Charles Lyell.

During the week of the meeting, the business of the sections has been carried on with the utmost activity, and a great number of interesting papers and reports on scientific subjects have been read and discussed. The three questions which seem to have provoked most discussion, and to have excited the greatest interest, were that on the fate of Sir John Franklin, sailing out of a very admirable paper by Mr. Fidelity, on Arctic and Antarctic currents, read in the Section of Geography and Ethnology on Friday, in which the great reader on the subject—Mr. Jeomery and Admiral Beesby, as well as the John Noon—spoke at great length (though but little light necessary being thrown on the fate of our gallant navigator); the discussion in the Zoological and Botanical Section, on the same day, on Dr. Schimper's paper on the Torbasse-hill Coal (when opinions appeared to be nearly equally divided as to whether this mineral is coal, or not, though they seemed to lean rather to the side of its being coal); and on that by Mr. Bathurst, on the Devonian, Colmar, read in the Statistical Section on Monday (when opinions were no less divided, and no satisfactory result was arrived at). Various practical questions in this latter section also gave rise to a very considerable discussion—such as the Laws of the Currency, as exemplified by the circulation of country bank notes, on Friday; the Progress and Direction of British Exports, and the Influence thereon of free-trade and gold, by Mr. Valpy, on Saturday; and the Effects of Good or Bad Times on Communities to Prison, by the Rev. John Clay, on the same day. A feature of the present meeting, also, was the introduction of pure Archaeology into Section B, as a branch of Ethnology, by the questions of Mr. Wright, who read a paper in that section on Tuesday (the 26th), in which he showed reasons for objecting to ascribe to the system of archaeological periods (from prehistoric, bronze period, and iron period) of the northern peninsula; and pointed out the accuracy of greater caution than had hitherto been shown in the study of crans.

Among the other features of the week, the most prominent were the President's dinner, in the Philharmonic-hall, on Saturday, which exceeded almost everything that was known before of Liverpool hospitality, and at which six hundred guests sat down to table; and the Mayor's notice, the same evening: at the latter was exhibited the very choice collection of pictures of Richard C. Naylor, Esq., of Hooton-hall, which attracted the greatest admiration from a very crowded company. The conversation of the Association were likewise largely attended, and were enlivened by practical experiments on light and photography. The lectures by Professor Owen on Anthropomorphism, or Man-like Apes, in the Lecture room, at St. George's Hall, was numerously attended. The lecturer gave a general and popular sketch of the comparative anatomy of this class of animals; describing especially a new species recently discovered on the western coast of Africa, measuring upwards of 16 in height. The skull of the Gorilla appeared almost the height of 3 feet 8 inches, and when full grown, measured 3 feet across the chest. It had two double the size, and its extremities were enormously developed in comparison to the development of man, and its strength was most enormous. These huge apes appeared to be not so numerous in the impenetrable forests of the Cameroons. The negroes of this country were of a larger size than those of other districts, not being debased by the abominable slave traffic. In their excursions into the forests to look for ivory, their great danger was not from the lion or other wild animals, but from this huge antediluvian giant. The lion slunk away on the approach of man, but the gorilla, when he saw man advancing, came down out of the trees to the attack, and, unless wounded in the first instance, he either strangled the man or inflicted such wounds as left indelible marks. The strength of this animal's jaw was fully equal to that of the lion, and its canine teeth equally formidable. Colonel Roberts lecture on Terrestrial Magnetism, at St. George's Hall, on Monday, was likewise listened to by a most numerous audience.

We subjoin abstracts of a few of the papers—

RECENTS AND NORTH.

At the meeting of the Geographical Section, on Thursday, an interesting discussion took place on Central Asia, India, and the sources of Russia in that part of the world. Mr. Diaby Seymour read some lengthy extracts from the A.S. notes of travels of General Perrier, in Central Asia, from Tashkent to Herat, Bokhara, Samarkand, and along the course of the Hindukush, to and round the Lake Balkan. The paper contained a variety of information relating to the character of the people, soil, climate, government, resources, &c., of the countries above named; and, some suggestions as to the feasibility of an invasion of India by the Russians, who, it was said, had for many years endeavored by degrees to push their interests in that quarter of the globe. An interesting discussion, commenced by Mr. Rogers, Mr. E. J. Marchmont, who occupied the chair, and the statements made by Mr. Seymour were exceedingly valuable as regarded those portions of the subject of India which had been referred to; but with respect to any contemplated Russian invasion of India, the speaker was decidedly in no opinion that they would never attempt it. He could state that from his own



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON, EXHIBITED TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, AT LIVERPOOL, BY MR. HARTNUP.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

experience of a residence in India. During five years the Russians had attempted to get possession of the little Principality of Khiva, and they had never been able to accomplish it. The invasion of India would require such a large army, that he had always looked upon it as a physical impossibility, and he knew what it was to expose an army to the chance of a total want of provisions. A Russian expedition was formed to cross between Aral and the Caspian Sea. It was found impossible to take 5000 men, and it was reduced to 1000, and even that small army had great difficulty in reaching the Sea of Aral. Mr. Seymour stated that, between Aral and the Caspian, Russia had formed lines of walls, which were in the hands of Cossacks. Colonel Dykes considered the thing perfectly visionary. With regard to an invasion of India by the Russians, nothing less than 100,000 troops would do, beyond they must carry provisions, and keep up a proper commissariat to be effective when they arrive in India. They could never march to the India without the risk of an army being altogether lost; and, in support of his opinion, he instanced what had been effected by Lord Krishna in India, and the loss he sustained. Mr. Seymour said he had only stated that the Russians did not consider it so.

LUNAR VOLCANIC CRATERS.
On Friday Professor Nasmith read a paper "On the Structure of Lunar Volcanic Craters." The learned Professor commenced by stating that he had for some time devoted considerable attention to the observation of volcanic craters existing upon the moon's surface; and, although this might appear a little foreign to the science of geology, it would be found that such science might be advanced by it. With the aid of a very powerful telescope, he had been enabled to pursue the subject with very great success, and although he did not consider that he had, as yet, made more than a first step, yet he hoped, in the end, to arrive at some important conclusions. With this hope he had taken the moon under his especial care. He directed the attention of the audience to a very elaborately-contrived model of a large and several minor craters, as shown on the moon's surface, by a telescope, and also to a large drawing, very carefully elaborated, which he assured them, were correct representations. When these objects were seen in the telescope, they invariably threw out a more luminous appearance than the rest of the moon's surface, and would have shown them, had the building afforded him the aid of the sun's rays, that a similar radiance was reflected from the model. The volcanic matter is thrown up with such force that it is spread for a considerable distance around, forming a ring, with occasional conical hills within it, the centre being a plain surface. The point from which such matter is thrown is generally surmounted by an apex, of greater or smaller dimensions, according to the period occupied in the transition from an active to an exhausted state. To give an idea of the vastness of the volcanic power, he had found that the diameter of these craters varied in extent from a quarter of a mile to 120 miles. The sketch produced to the meeting represented a crater forty miles in diameter; and it was a remarkable fact that those in the moon were considerably larger than those in the earth. He attributed the highly volcanic character of the moon's surface, and the greater intensity of the volcanic power, to the shorter space of the time allowed for the crustation of the outer surface of that planet. His observations followed, in which Professor Phillips said he generally concurred with the observations of Professor Nasmith. With respect to the absence of water in the moon, he was so convinced himself, that he considered it a sort of heresy to treat of water in connection with the moon at all. And there was evidence which satisfied him, behind the moon, or the moon passing there. There was a total obscuration the instant that the disk of the latter touched the planet. The same evidence was also to be derived by observing an eclipse of the moon.

ON THE COMPASSES BY IRON SHIPS.
On this very interesting question, Dr. Scoresby read a paper on Saturday, especially advancing the loss of the *Zepherus* at an illustration. In the case of the *Zepherus*, when he first heard of the catastrophe, and read the evidence, he had stated to some friends that the *Torrey* that he would venture to predict that she had been built with her head to the north. He had found, on inquiry, she had been built with her head nearly north-east. Here, then, were the precise circumstances for expecting a change in the ship's magnetic distribution. Having been built with her head to the north-east, she had a certain magnetic distribution, and when she began to strain, with her head changed, and the first effect of it had been to alter the two compasses adjusted by fixed magnets. If the captain had been aware of the change which might, and most probably would, take place, when the ship began to strain in a different position from that in which she had been built—like he knew that the compasses might vary as much as two, or three, or even four points, he would have known, of course, that he must place no reliance upon her. It did not follow, however, that compasses were of no use, because, under circumstances, they were liable to change. They ought to be, and were, of great use for that. But what he wished to impress upon the all that, that, by attempting to adjust a transient by a permanent influence, they were only aggravating error; that captains ought always to bear in mind the liability of their compasses to mislead them two or three points; that they should be always looking after their correctors and verifications whenever the compass sits in its place; and that, by keeping a sun or a star was in sight and that, by keeping a compass sit in as far as possible from the iron of the ship, they would always have a standard to which they would be able to refer, and which, in his Arctic voyages, had always found to be correct.

The General Committee met on Monday evening, for the purpose of deciding, among other matters, upon the question of the next place of meeting. The first application received was from Glasgow. There were also applications from the Queen's University in Ireland, requesting the meeting to be held in Dublin for the year 1857. A request was also made from the meeting of the inhabitants of Brighton, in favor of the meeting in that town. An invitation, however, was received from the Town-council of Manchester, praying for an early visit of the Association to that important city. The directors of Cheltenham College offered to place their buildings at the disposal of the Association, and also requested the favor of an early visit. Similar applications were made from Gloucester, Ryde (Isle of Wight), and Nottingham. An invitation was expected from Leeds; but, in consequence of the new hall in that town not being yet completed, the invitation had not been made for the meeting year. After hearing the claims put forward by the advocates of the various places charged to support the invitation, and after consulting the subject, the Committee decided that their next meeting, for the year 1858, should be held in Glasgow. On the motion of Mr. J. Marchmont, seconded by Mr. Smith, his Grace the Duke of Argyll was elected President of the Association for the next meeting.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.

At eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, a conversazione was given in St. George's-hall, and the numerous as well as distinguished assembly was entertained and instructed, first, by a series of demonstrations of the rotation of the earth, by means of the gyroscope, by M. Léon Foucault; next, by some most interesting experiments with electric light, explained by Professor Stokes; and, lastly, by the projection of the moon on a fifty-foot disc, from photographs taken by Mr. Hartnup, the astronomer of the Liverpool Observatory, and by the Photographic Society of Liverpool, and magnified by aid of Messrs. Abrahams' powerful oxy-hydrogen microscopic lantern.

Professor Phillips submitted to the section, "Notes on the Mountain Gassendi, and Further Trials of Photographs of the Moon." He observed that the duty which he had to perform would have been far better executed by either of the other members of the committee appointed by the Association to take measures for investigating, by accurate telescopic observation, the physical aspect of the moon. The other members of the committee were Lord Rosse and the Rev. Dr. Robinson; both of whom were far better acquainted with the aspect of the moon, by the employment of finer instruments and their greater astronomical knowledge, than he was. But nothing which they had to show, in the shape of the photographs of the moon, was at all to be compared with the results that had been obtained by the voluntary exertions of the photographers of Liverpool. The learned gentleman then proceeded to describe that tract of the moon which had been committed to him to survey, and which contained the crater of Plato. He illustrated his observations by a very beautiful drawing of this portion of the moon's surface by Mr. Namyth, and observed that daily experience showed that the more their telescopic power was increased, the less circular appeared the lunar craters, and the less smooth the surface of the moon. All was sharp and irritated—a perfect representation of its past history, which was marvellous to see. Passing from this portion of his subject, the learned gentleman alluded to the much-mooted question as to there being traces of the action of water on the surface of the moon, as now presented to us. At one time, he believed that there was no trace of water to be seen; but he confessed that more recent observations, particularly those made with Lord Rosse's telescope, shook his belief in that opinion.

On Wednesday morning, three only of the sections continued their labours, C (Geology), B (Geography and Ethnology), and G (Mechanical Science); and the labours of the Association ended with the General Meeting in the afternoon. Thursday was devoted to excursions, one party (the largest) going to the salt-mines at Northwich, which were brilliantly illuminated for the occasion; the others to St. Helen's, to visit the extensive manufactories of plate-glass, the coal-mines, &c.

SOIREE GIVEN BY THE HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

This soiree took place on Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, in the Philharmonic Hall, which was crowded with visitors, tickets having been issued to a great number of the respectable inhabitants of Liverpool and its neighbourhood, in addition to the members of the Association. At half-past eight, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Wright, "On the Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Graves of the Pagan Period, illustrative of the celebrated Fausset Collection." This collection, with many other interesting antiquities, being exhibited in the room by the liberality of the Mayor (its present possessor), was examined by the company after the lecture. (We shall engrave some of the choicest articles in the collection next week; and give the substance of Mr. Wright's paper.)

At ten o'clock the chair was again taken, and diplomas as honorary members of the Historic Society were delivered to twelve of the most distinguished members of the British Association. A memorial was afterwards presented to Mr. Mayer, for the great services he had rendered to the Historic Society, of which he was one of the three founders; and the proceedings were concluded by the presentation to the Earl of Harrowby of a massive bowl, formed of oak taken from the house at Everton, which was occupied by Prince Rupert, as his head-quarters, during the siege of Liverpool in 1645.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the Prince Consort, with the youthful Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family, are enjoying the prevailing beautiful weather at their Highland home. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness make frequent excursions amid the mountain and forest scenery, and have rarely before been afforded so favourable an opportunity of witnessing the varied beauties of the Balmoral district. The Earl of Aberdeen arrived on Wednesday on a visit to the Queen.

On Thursday (the 21st inst.) her Majesty accompanied the Prince Consort for some distance on his way to the deer forest, where his

On Friday the Queen and the Prince rode out on horseback, and the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice visited the Falls of the Garawalt.

On Saturday the Queen, attended by the Duchess of Wellington, rode out on horseback. The Prince Consort enjoyed the sport of deer-stalking; and the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred drove to Birk Hall.

On Sunday her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Prince, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the suite, attended Divine Service at the parish church of Crathie; the Rev. Dr. Grant, Moderator of the General Assembly, performed the service. In the afternoon her Majesty walked out with the Prince Consort.

On Monday the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, the Princess Helena, and attended by the Duchess of Wellington, and Major-General the Hon. Charles Grey, drove to Invercauld, the seat of Mr. James Farquharson, where her Majesty honoured Mrs. Farquharson with a visit. The Prince Consort enjoyed his usual sport of deer-stalking.

The return of the Court is now stated to be fixed for Saturday next; and the route taken will, it is understood, be over the Caledonian, and thence by the London and North-Western Railway.

The Duke of Beaufort has arrived at Gopsall-hall, Leicestershire, on a visit to the Earl and Countess Howe, from his shooting quarters in Perthshire. The Duchess and family have been staying some weeks with the noble Earl and Countess.

The Earl of Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, is expected to arrive in this country by the next mail steamer from Halifax. The noble Earl, it is said, will have the vacant Garter conferred upon him by her Majesty, in reward for his long and successful Government of Canada.

Lord John Russell is sojourning with his family at Scarborough. Lady Londesborough gave birth to a daughter on Friday last, at Grimston, near Tadcaster. Her Ladyship and the infant are progressing favourably.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Gladstone left Audley-end, the seat of Lord Braybrooke, on Tuesday, to visit the Deanery, at Peterborough; from whence the right hon. gentleman and Mrs. Gladstone will proceed on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, at Worsley-hall, near Manchester.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE.—We regret to have to announce the sudden death of the Marquis of Ormonde, which took place on Monday evening, at Loftus Hall, in the county of Wexford.

A NOVELTY FOR LADIES.—As a Postscript to our Illustrated Fashions, at page 304, we may mention the happy thought of a Parisian modiste, who has suggested a Chapeau, which obviates the inconvenience of wearing Bonnets, at *déjeuners*, and other occasions, within doors, by converting them into Caps. This is done by removing a portion of the Bonnet, as easily as a gentleman can take off his hat; when there remains on the head a *coiffure* of the most tasteful description. The novelty has been imported by Messrs. Jay, of Regent-street.

PANORAMA OF BOMARSUND (Madden, Leadenhall-street).—This is a clever inland view, showing the great fort after the recent bombardment, and the adjoining forts. It has just been lithographed at Stockholm, and merits notice as a memorial of the war.

MUSICAL FEES.—There were several concerts in connection with the opening of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and the following were the fees paid to some of the performers:—Miss Clara Novello, £300; Madame Viardot Garcia, £200; Herr Formes, 230 guineas; Sims Reeves, 150 guineas; Signor Gardoni, 150 guineas; Madame Castellan, 140 guineas; Mr. and Mrs. Locke, 125 guineas; Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, 80 guineas; Signor Belletti, 125 guineas; Sir H. Bishop, 150 guineas. At the Norwich Musical Festival, the principal artistes engaged were paid as follows:—Madame Clara Novello, £300; Madame Bosio, £200; Signor Lablache, £150; Signor Gardoni, £150; and Signor Belletti, £150; making a total to five singers of £1050.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

THE leading event of this week, as far as our column of talk is concerned, has been the publication of a correspondence between Lord Wrottesley and the Earl of Aberdeen, on the Earl's distribution of the £1200 a year, voted by Parliament from year to year, by way of pensions in aid of persons distinguished in literature, science, and the fine arts. Lord Wrottesley is of opinion—in common with many others—that the distribution is not made with that wisdom which should certainly direct the disposal of such a sum, and for such purposes. He is particularly of opinion that science is not adequately represented in the distribution; and that Lord Aberdeen, in refusing a proposed allowance from it, of £200 a year, to Professor Phillips, the great geologist, has evinced his want of sensibility with science, and his unfitness for this small part of his Ministerial duties. Lord Wrottesley writes thus, to Lord Aberdeen, on the subject he has so much at heart:—

Soon after the accession of the late Government to power, Sir Robert Inglis and myself solicited and obtained an interview with Lord Derby, in which we represented to him that considerable dissatisfaction prevailed among the cultivators of science generally at the bad success which had attended certain recent applications for pensions to some eminent scientific individuals, which had been preferred by the President of the Royal Society; and, by subsequent investigations, it was ascertained (and I communicated the fact to Lord Derby, by letter dated in April, 1852), that since the accession of her Majesty about thirteen per cent only of the annual sum allowed by Parliament to be granted for pensions to deserving persons had fallen to the lot of science—a result which naturally contributed to increase that feeling of dissatisfaction to which I have already alluded. It appears that a recent application by Lord Rosse of a similar character has been unsuccessful, and that your Lordship, in declining to accede to it, expressed yourself as follows:—"In order to meet even a small portion of the claims preferred to me, I have been compelled to require that poverty should be the attendant of merit; and that the pension should be as much the relief of pecuniary distress as the acknowledgment of intellectual attainments." Now whatever our individual opinions may be on the merits of the particular case to which I have alluded, I purposely abstain from stating them, in order that the object of the present address may not be misunderstood—that object being, to represent to your Lordship, with all that respect which is justly due both to yourself and to the high station which you occupy, that the views above expressed as to the disposal of the Pension Fund, would render absolutely nugatory, so far as science and its cultivators are concerned, all the benevolent intentions which Parliament and the country must be supposed to have entertained in their favour when the provision in question was created. That the grant of a pension would be an inappropriate method of recompensing scientific merit when possessed by those who may be properly termed rich, I am not disposed to deny; but, if it were hereafter to be understood that the receipt of a pension from the Crown was fully as much the indication of absolute poverty as an acknowledgment of high intellectual attainment, we apprehend that the object of the grant would be hereafter but ill attained. Had such a view of the intention of Parliament been formally announced, the honoured names of Airy and of Owen, of Hamilton and Adams, would never have appeared on the Pension List; and that small encouragement to abstract science which has hitherto been dispensed by the British Government would virtually have been withdrawn; the bonny of Parliament and the Crown would have been looked upon in the light of alms, and men of eminence would not have consented to be paraded before the public as its needy recipients. Considering your Lordship's known appreciation of the claims of literature, and we hope we may also add of science, upon a nation which depends so essentially on its prosperity, and even safety, upon the progress of improvement in every branch of intellectual exertion, I cannot but express on my own part, and on that of my colleagues, our earnest hope that your Lordship will reconsider your views of the object of pensions, and refrain from exacting conditions for their enjoyment which cannot be otherwise than painful to all who have a high sense of the dignity of their pursuit, and may possibly be considered as tending to degrade it.

To this sensible letter Lord Aberdeen thus replies:—

Downing-street, March 29, 1854.

My Lord.—The letter which I addressed to Lord Rosse in October last, in answer to an application from several distinguished scientific men for a pension of £200 a year to Professor Phillips, was intended rather as a private explanation of the motives which had practically regulated my distribution of the Civil List Pensions, than as laying down any fixed principle on the subject. But, with the greatest respect for your Lordship's committee, and after fully considering the matter, I do not know that I can materially qualify the statement made by me to Lord Rosse. It has been my endeavour, as much as possible, to appropriate these pensions to persons more or less connected with science or literature, or to their families; but the vote of the House of Commons would include a much wider range. The general belief that these Civil List pensions were intended by Parliament exclusively for science and literature is altogether incorrect; and it is right that this should be clearly understood. The following are the terms of the Act by which the Queen was enabled "to grant pensions not exceeding £1200, in any one year, to such persons only who have just claims on the Royal Beneficence; or who, by their personal services to the Crown, by the performance of duties to the public, or by their useful discoveries in science and attainments in literature and the arts, have merited the gracious consideration of their Sovereign and the gratitude of their country." It is obvious that the whole sum of £1200 might very easily be expended, according to the terms of the Act, without any portion of it being appropriated to science and literature. Indeed, this great latitude has occasionally led to the insertion of names in the List which we scarcely might have expected to find there. Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to have the power of distributing a sum equal to the amount of all the Civil List pensions, as an acknowledgment of scientific merit. There are three or four persons whose names I should be most anxious to include in such a distribution; but, under present circumstances, I am prevented from doing so by want of means. On the whole, then, and without making any resolution which should preclude me from exercising a discretion on the subject according to the circumstances of the case, I am still disposed to think that, as a general rule, the practice I have followed must be considered as most extensively beneficial. I have the honour to be, &c., The Lord Wrottesley.

The wording of the Act is sufficiently large to admit of all Lord Aberdeen's interpretation; but we must confess that the Prime Minister has, since his accession to office, been taking the mere wording of the Act in a way in which (with better judgment) his predecessors in office seldom interpreted it. It has been too much Lord Aberdeen's practice, in every grant, to make her Majesty—unintentionally, we are sure—affix her name to warrants, in which, for a very small sum, a parade is made of poverty that must be not only annoying to many a recipient, but which is really unpleasant to the readers of the warrants themselves. Thus, in 1853 and 1854, we read constantly of "straitened circumstances," "distressed situations," "limited circumstances," "destitute condition," and other painful expositions in Royal warrants, which never should have been inserted therein. We grant, readily enough, that the sum set apart by Parliament is much too small for the many deserving demands made upon it; but it is easy to see that Lord Aberdeen has the cure of the evil in his own hands. He has only to ask Parliament for a larger sum, and he would be sure to obtain it.

It may interest Lord Aberdeen to be informed that the man he admires so much—the late Sir Robert Peel—took a very different view of this part of the duties of a Prime Minister. "I have resolved" (says Sir Robert Peel, writing to Robert Southey) "to apply the miserable pittance at the disposal of the Crown, on the Civil List Pension Fund, altogether to the reward and encouragement of literary exertions. I do this on public grounds, and much more with the view of establishing a principle than in the hope, with such limited means, of being enabled to confer any benefit upon those whom I shall name to the Crown." On this proper principle Peel gave a pension of £300 a year to Southey. Here was a grant worth having; and what says Southey to Peel in reply. "Now," says Southey (a name which has claims to respect and honour which literature alone can never confer), "Now that lay sinecures are in fact abolished, there is no other way in which a man can be served who has no profession wherein to be promoted, and whom any official situation would take from the only employment for which the studies and habits of forty years have qualified him." And to what conclusion did Lord Brougham come on this subject in 1831, when, feeling strongly, as he did, the Government of this country have long been exposed—he feared only too justly—to the charge of neglecting science and letters? Why, "if the risk of abuse were not great, that pecuniary assistance would be the most desirable means of helping genius; because many a man of genius is forced out of the path of original inquiry and of refined taste by the necessities of his situation, and obliged to spend his time and talents on labour little better than mechanical."

Death has just removed from among us Mrs. Warner, the excellent tragic actress, whose latter years had been years of intense bodily suffering; Mr. Peter Buchan, a collector or maker of old new ballads—whose skill in that way imposed even on Sir Walter Scott; and Mr. Edward Wedlake Brayley, Mr. Britton's old and excellent associate in "The Beauties of England and Wales." Mrs. Warner was never seen to greater advantage than when she was playing to Macready. Mr. Buchan will live among book-buyers, by his two volumes published in 1828, of "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland;" and Mr. Brayley will be remembered by his useful letterpress to Neale's two very handsome volumes on Westminster Abbey; and by his "History of Surrey," in five volumes octavo—of which, however, the opening chapter was really written by Mr. Timbs. Mr. Brayley was eighty-four years of age at the time of his death. He began life as an apprentice to an enameller, and closed his useful and modest career as Librarian to the Russell Institution. His old associate in the "Beauties," Mr. Britton (they became friends more than sixty years since), is still alive, in his eighty-fourth year, and hale and well. May years of continued enjoyment pass over him before we say "Hail, and farewell!"

* * We were incorrectly informed as to Mr. J. H. Le Keux having "gone into railway employment." We are gratified to learn that he continues to engrave in line, as heretofore.

THE THEATRES.

STRAND.—This theatre continues to prosper, and "Hard Times," with its new cast, maintains its old success. A new piece has been added to the repertoire; it is of the occasional kind—anent the affair of the 46th, and entitled "The New Wags of Windsor." It would be idle to attempt to trace a plot, where there is scarcely a plan, and no plot at all. Suffice it to say, that the officers and subalterns are engaged in various flirtations with a Windsor milliner's apprentices; that for their offences a mock jury, consisting of females, is impanelled; and that their cases are advocated by two ladies in forensic gowns and wigs. If the merits of this piece are to be judged by the laughter it excites, never was one more successful. It is, however, dependent on its excessive absurdity for its effect—and the good acting of Mr. Tibbys, Miss Beaumont, and Miss Harding. The house was exceedingly crowded.

MRS. WARNER.—The lingering illness of this gifted lady terminated fatally, last Sunday. Mrs. Warner was one of the greatest ornaments of the modern stage, and owed her celebrity to her sterling merits. She was of Irish parentage; her father, Mr. Huddart, being a chemist in Dublin, of which city he was a Common-councilman; but subsequently embracing a theatrical life, Miss Huddart was introduced early to the stage. At fifteen, she was engaged to the Plymouth Theatre, and played *Lady Macbeth* to the noble Thane of Mr. Macready. In 1836 she was engaged at Drury-lane by Mr. Bunn, and performed the same character, inclusive of others, with Mr. Forrest. But her great feat was in Mr. Knowles' "Wrecker's Daughter," after which she appeared at the Haymarket, and effected an enduring reputation in the part of *Evadne*, in the "Bridal." She divided, during Mr. Macready's management of the patent theatres, the Shakespearian drama with Miss Faucit, and generally undertook the parts that required the greatest power. On those theatres being found ineligible for dramatic management, Mrs. Warner took refuge, with Mr. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells; and, in conjunction with that gentleman, won a permanent triumph and home for the legitimate drama. This plan of management she afterwards continued at the Marylebone; but there she had to create a theatrical audience, as well as a dramatic taste, and was removed from its conduct when only half her work was done. Her revivals of "The Scornful Lady" and "The Double Marriage" did her infinite credit. With her subsequent career, until her illness, we need not meddle, beyond mentioning that she sought fortune in America, but, owing to the state of her health, failed to find it. But friends, on her return, hastened to her rescue; and her Majesty was pleased to bestow on her case a consideration which sufficiently showed the honour and estimation in which the eminent artist was held. In tragedy Mrs. Warner excelled her competitors, and was, for a long period, the only actress capable of sustaining its severer characters.

THE THEATRICAL SEASON.—The announcements of coming operations are abundant. On Monday night the ST. JAMES'S opens, under the management of Mrs. Seymour, with an original drama by Messrs. Taylor and Reade, and an original farce by Mr. Selby. The cast, comprising the names of Miss Glyn, Mrs. Seymour, Mr. George Vandenhoff, Mr. Mead, and Mr. Toole, is full of promise.—The PRINCESS is advertised for re-opening on the 9th, with a new drama in which Mr. Ryder will enact, it is said, the hero—Mr. Brooke's final appearances at DRURY-LANE will occupy the public attention next week.—AT ASTLEY'S the "Siege of Silistria" is in preparation.—The MARYLEBONE reopens, under the direct management of Mr. Wallack, on the 7th. In an address to the public, the conductor states that "the proprietor has caused many alterations and improvements to be made in the building, particularly in relation to the stage, which, by being extended to the depth of 115 feet, will now be the longest in Europe." The interior of the edifice is also described as being "magnificently ornamented—the mouldings being of floral and gold, upon a beautiful flake-white ground; the dome being repainted, and illustrated with figures and other devices of the finest French workmanship; and the chandeliers being throughout superbly decorated." The boxes also will be increased in number, a back circle having been added. The lessee promises, moreover (to quote his own language) "to provide a home for the highest drama of England, and to encourage to the utmost the living proofs and witnesses of its indestructible genius. Not alone the plays of Shakspeare, and the poetic dramatists of Britain will be illustrated, with all the resources of scenic and histrionic art within the power of the lessee to command, but entirely new and original dramas of the highest merit will, from time to time, be produced and placed on the boards with the same care and cost that it has lately been the wont to bestow exclusively upon revivals. Justice will be done to the living as to the dead, and no means left unattempted to raise the Victorian age, in its dramatic relations, to a level with the Elizabethan." These promises are in the true spirit.—AT SADLER'S WELLS a gorgeous revival of Shakspeare's wildest of tragedies (if, indeed, it be Shakspeare's—touching which there are great doubts)—the tragedy of "Pericles, the Prince of Tyre," is in rehearsal. The appointments are expected to exceed all previous spectacular attempts at scenically illustrating the poetic drama, on the boards of this theatre, celebrated as it is for such enterprises. The character of the hero will be supported by Mr. Phelps; that of *Thaisa*, by Miss Cooper; and that of *Marina*, by Miss Edith Herard.

LYCEUM.—Mr. Henry Russell will close his Entertainment this evening, after great success; he will forthwith visit Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool.

AN IRON THEATRE GOING TO AUSTRALIA.—Messrs. Edward T. Bellhouse and Co., of Eagle Foundry, are constructing a complete iron shell and framework of a spacious portable theatre, for Mr. George Coppin, who has engaged Mr. G. V. Brooke, the tragedian, to perform in the principal towns in Australia, for 200 nights, for which performances he pays Mr. Brooke the sum of £50 per night, or £10,000 for 200 nights! The portable theatre, with all fittings and appointments, will cost a sum exceeding £4000. The building contracted for by Messrs. Bellhouse, is eighty-eight feet in length, forty feet wide, and about twenty-four feet high from the ground level to the peak of roof. As the floor level of the pit will be sunk about five or six feet below the ground level, there will be considerable altitude in the interior. The walls will be of cast-iron, uprights (Bellhouse's patent), and galvanised corrugated iron sheets, No. 18, wire gauge. The roof will consist of strong iron principals, having the galvanised sheets bolted thereupon. To the gable end of the building, which forms the front, will be attached an ornamental building, which will be arranged as box and pit offices, lobbies and entrances. The theatre will hold £300. Messrs. Bellhouse have undertaken the complete shell of the building, the ornamental facade, and the principal framework of the interior; and have engaged to have the whole on board ship in London in about thirty days from the date of the contract.

MUSEUM OF ORNAMENTAL ART.—The Museum at Marlborough-house will be re-opened on Monday next. During the recess, the specimens have been re-arranged, and considerable additions have been made. The collection of arms from the Royal Armoury at Windsor will continue to be exhibited. An alteration has been made in the days of admission. In future the Museum will be opened on Saturdays, which will be free days, instead of Tuesdays. This change has been made with the view of enabling the schools in the metropolis to send their students to visit the Museum on the afternoons of Saturday.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Town-council of Edinburgh have agreed to confer the freedom of the city upon Sir William Molesworth, her Majesty's First Commissioner of Public Works.

Queen Christina arrived at Bagnères de Bigorre on the 19th inst., and alighted at Frascati, where her Majesty has engaged apartments for three months.

Mr. Macgregor, the Member for Glasgow, met a large number of his constituents on Thursday week, and addressed them, giving "an account of his stewardship."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia was to leave Berlin on Monday, for Weimar; and, after a short visit there, will return to the Rhine.

Mr. Hume has been obliged to decline the honour of receiving the freedom of the city of Aberdeen at present, on account of a severe indisposition.

Mrs. Chisholm and her party of emigrants landed at Port Philip on the 14th of July.

The King of Naples has sent to Paris several general officers to compliment the Emperor Napoleon, and to assist at the grand manoeuvres about to take place at Boulogne.

The French Emperor has sent the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour to Admiral Parseval Deschênes, by the hands of the officer who brought home the despatches of the capture of Bomarsund.

Mr. Robert Chambers, has, in a letter to the Edinburgh newspapers, repudiated all literary connection with the new edition of the "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen," published in parts, and stated to be "Edited by Robert Chambers."

His Excellency Count Walewski has returned to the residence of the French Embassy, Albert-gate-house, after an absence of some weeks on leave.

M. Pierre Soulé, of "Lone Star" celebrity, has arrived in Paris from Madrid, after having stopped on his way at Toulouse, Marseilles, and Castillon.

The first stone of the monument to the late Mr. O'Connell was laid on Saturday, by Sir John Power, in Glasnevin Cemetery. There was no public display on the occasion.

The young King of Portugal, having finished his grand tour of the European Courts, returned to Lisbon on the 15th inst., and was received by his subjects with every mark of enthusiastic loyalty.

The Hon. Charles Murray, C.B., the newly-appointed Minister to the Shah of Persia, vice Colonel Shiel, has arrived in town from Berne, where he lately filled the post of resident Minister. The hon. gentleman, who is on the eve of departure for Teheran, via Overland route, is to have a salary of £5000 per annum.

Prince Poniatowski, who lately resigned his post of Tuscan Minister at Paris, is about to receive letters of "grand naturalisation," and to be attached to the person of the French Emperor.

His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh is at present on a tour in Scotland.

Lablache, Mdle. Tédesco, Ronconi, and De Bassini have taken their departure for St. Petersburg.

The Queen of Spain and her Royal offspring left the capital of Spain on the 17th for the Palace at Prado, change of air being recommended by the physicians for the infant Princess.

Professor Low has felt it necessary, from infirm health, to tender his resignation of the Chair of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, which he has held since 1831.

The King of Naples has conferred on the Cardinal Archbishop the Grand Cordon of St. Januarius, as a mark of distinction for his zeal and devotedness during the raging of the cholera.

The Elmtou estate has been purchased by the Duke of Portland for £80,000.

The vacancy in the Rectorship of the Edinburgh Academy, occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Hannah, has been filled up by the appointment of the Rev. James Stephen Hodson, M.A., of Balliol and Merton Colleges, Oxford, son of the Archdeacon of Stafford.

A Liverpool house is about to run a line of screw steamers between New York and Havre, and will be prepared to commence on the 18th of November.

The Rev. Mr. Livingston has succeeded in accomplishing the arduous and dangerous task of crossing the Continent of Africa.

Miss Blanchard, a medical graduate of Cleveland College, Ohio, has been refused permission to visit the female wards of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

The Government of Electoral Hesse has forbidden roulette gambling at the baths of Renndorf, where great numbers of persons, principally Hanoverians, collected, especially upon Sundays and holidays.

The Professorship of Natural History in the Queen's College, Cork, is vacant. Testimonials from candidates will be received at the Castle up to the 22nd of October.

The electric telegraph in India is to be carried through to Burmah, and a line run from Rangoon to Pegu and Tonghoo, and along the frontier to Meadey. The telegraph cable has already been carried across the Bras; another will shortly be ready for the Satej.

The Russians have established on the coasts of the Crimea telegraphic lines in communication with the principal telegraph of Sebastopol.

A Mr. C. De Vries has undertaken, for the Dutch Government, a monthly steam communication with the whole of the Dutch settlements in the Eastern Archipelago, for a period of five years.

The instalment of £300,000 paid on Friday, last week, on account of the Turkish loan, is already on its way in sovereigns to Constantinople.

The Pontifical Government has contracted a loan of about £850,000 with the house of Rothschild, for the withdrawal of paper money.

The Pope's "apostolic delegate" (Dr. Cullen), has appointed the first Sunday in October (to-morrow) for a general collection towards the fund now raising for the establishment of a "Catholic University" in Ireland.

Intemperance appears to be on the increase in Cork. It is stated that the number of public-houses in the city is not far short of 600, which is considerably over the average in comparison of its population.

The publication of books in the Hebrew language is forbidden throughout Russia, unless each volume be stamped by the Censors.

Kelso is now restored to its ordinary quiet state, and the whole of the Edinburgh police have returned to their proper sphere of duty.

The cultivation of opium in Bengal is still increasing. The produce of 1853-54 will, according to the Indian papers, amount to 58,000 chests.

A number of persons in Maine, chiefly females, in the vicinity of the burning forests, became insane, thinking that the final conflagration predicted by the Millerites, had begun.

The Museum at Marlborough House is to be opened on Monday. During the recess the specimens have been re-arranged, and considerable additions have been made. The collection of arms from the Royal armory at Windsor, will continue to be exhibited.

The Spanish Government has published an order forbidding any other than electors to take part in election meetings, and limiting their discussions to electoral matters.

The Irish reapers are now returning from England, where there have been fewer of them than usual this year. They state that they have received better wages than heretofore in England—in many instances, equivalent to 5s. per day.

The Catherine Augusta, a vessel of about 400 tons, sailed from New York on a secret expedition. She was loaded with a large number of muskets and ammunition, and had rather a suspicious sort of crew.

During the past year the Bible Society has circulated, at home and abroad, 1,367,528 copies of the Scriptures; making the total issues since the formation of the society to amount to no less than 27,938,631 copies.

The town of Sebestianberg, in Bohemia, was almost entirely burnt down on the 16th. The fire was caused by some children who had been playing with lucifer matches, near a quantity of straw.

The seamen of Shields and the northern ports have given notice to the owners that on and after the 1st of October, they expect that wages in the London coal trade will be raised to 2s. a voyage.

The cholera has carried off at Barcelona 6000 persons, or nearly five per cent of the whole population, which is 123,000. In London the mortality has not been one-third per cent.

The town of Daroca, in Arragon, which contained 2300 inhabitants, has been destroyed by an inundation, caused by the bursting of a waterspout, formed in the neighbouring lake of Gallocanta.

The report which has appeared in one or two papers that the 46th Regiment intended to send forth a pamphlet in its own defence, is contradicted on authority.

Even the highest mountains are not refuges from the cholera; a German missionary has died of the disease in the Neigherries, eight thousand feet above the sea-level.

A Russian merchant has made a present of 8000 pictures of saints for the use of the blockaded Baltic fleet.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHIRURG-RURIS.—The blank diagrams, sold by Messrs. Kent, Paternoster-row, are, we believe, 10s. a thousand, or 1s. a hundred.

W. H. H.—We have not space to answer questions about Draughts.

B. W. F.—They shall be examined.

AGED ONE.—Your analysis of the Variations we gave last week is very imperfect. After your 18th move, or—18. B takes Kt, you give. While the feeble move of Q takes B, or R takes Q; overlooking the palpable one—19. B to K 7th (ch), which wins easily.

M. P. J. R. E. S. T. and Q. R. S.—We shall probably continue the extracts from "Greco's" MS. next week; and, at the same time, commence a series of beautiful studies, which have been some time in preparation from Carlo Cozio's rare treatise.

* * * Great praise of matter obliges us to postpone the main part of the Answers to Correspondents until next Number.

R. T. S., Lincoln.—The Chess meeting at Calster will take place, we are informed, on the 25th and 26th of October. For full particulars, application should be made to the Honorary Secretary, A. R. Skipworth, Esq., Rothwell-house, Calster.

ALFYN.—You will find a list of British Chess-clubs, with their times and places of meeting, on the wrapper of the Chess-player's Chronicle.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 552, by Chirurg-Ruris, Peachum, A. K., Tyne, So, B., Mona B. W. F., are correct.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 553, by R. F., Royal Artillery; J. P., Schmal, are correct. All others are wrong.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 552.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q R 6th	P moves	3. R takes P	Kt takes B or P
2. B to Q B 7th	P to Q 3rd (best)	4. R discovers mate.	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 553.

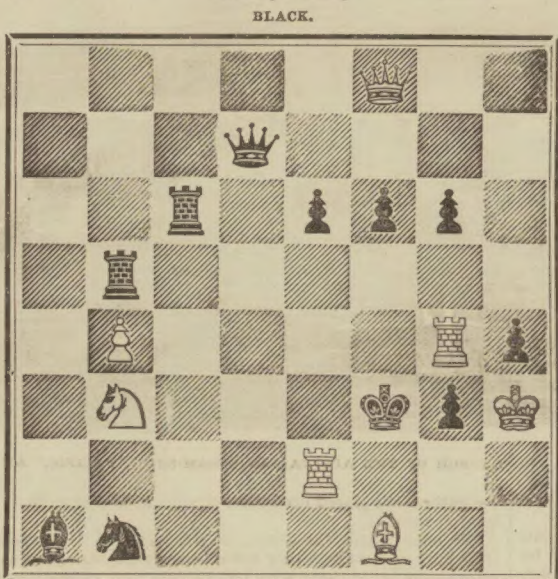
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q Kt 7th (ch)	B takes Kt	2. Q to K 4th	B takes Q, or anything.

And Mate follows obviously, in two more moves.

PROBLEM No. 554.

By Mr. W. GRIMSHAW.

[This clever position was one of the competing Problems for the Tourney Prizes.]



White to play, and mate in four moves.

CHESS IN THE PROVINCES.

The following very animated and interesting contest took place lately between Lord LYTTLETON and Mr. WILSON BIGLAND, two of the most promising amateurs of the day.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Lord L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Lord L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Q to Kt 3rd (d)	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. Q takes Kt	P takes B
3. B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th	11. Castles	Q to K 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd (a)	12. K to K R 3rd	B to K 3rd
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. K R to K (c) Castles	
6. P takes P (b)	B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	14. Q R to Q B sq	Kt to Q 3rd
7. B to Q 2nd	Kt takes K P (c)	15. K to K 5th	Q to Q B 3rd
8. B takes B	Kt takes B	16. P to Q 5th (f)	B takes P
		17. K Kt to Q 4th	Resigns.

(a) The move of Kt to K B 3rd, in the defence of the Gioco Piano opening, accepted now as the best possible defence for the second player, has been traced back as far as Damiano, whose treatise was published in 1512. Damiano, however, is no more entitled to the honour of framing the Gioco Piano than to the invention of the Gambit which bears his name. In the rarer and older work of Lucena, which is supposed to have been printed about 1495, we find both these openings. That under consideration being shaped as follows:—

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 4. P to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 5. P to K R 3rd R to Q 3rd
3. B to Q B 4th B to Q B 4th 6. B to Q Kt 5th, &c.

(b) An opinion appears to be fast gaining ground among good players, that taking the Pawn here is preferable to moving Pawn to K 5th.

(c) Undoubtedly. He should have taken the Bishop, giving check, and then have thrown forward the Queen's Pawn to Q 4th.

(d) He might also have taken the K B P with his Bishop, checking, and then have played Q to Kt 3rd, &c.

(e) Q Kt to Kt 5th looks a more business-like move, though Black to K sq has its merits.

(f) This is neat and conclusive, for Black must lose his Bishop at least.

BETWEEN THE SAME PLAYERS.

(Evans's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Lord L.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Lord L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Q takes P	Kt to K Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. Q to K Kt 6th	K to R square (ch)
3. B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th	17. Q to K R 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
4. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	18. K Kt to R 4th	K Kt to R 3rd
5. P to Q R 4th (a)	P to Q R 4th	19. P to K B 4th (d)	Q B to K Kt 5th
6. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	20. Q Kt to K B 5th	B takes Kt (ch)
7. P to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd	21. Kt takes B (ch)	Kt takes Kt
8. Q B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. Q to K Kt 4th (ch)	K to R square
9. Q to Q 2nd	Castles (b)	23. K R to B 3rd	Kt to K Kt 2nd
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q Kt takes P	24. K R to R 3rd (ch)	K to K square
11. P to Q R 5th	B to Q R 2nd (c)	25. Q to K Kt 6th, and wins.	
12. Q Kt to K 2nd	P to Q B 4th		
13. Q Kt to K Kt 3rd	K B to Q Kt sq		
14. Q B takes R P	P takes B		

(a) The best move. If White play P to Q Kt 5th instead, Black answers with Kt to Q R 4th, and if his K Pawn be then taken, he retorts with Q to K B 3rd, and is master of the position.

(b) The height of temerity! But why encounter such danger needlessly? Why not have exchanged the Bishops before Castling?

(c) Black's repugnance to change off the Bishops is unaccountable. What could be the objection to that course in the present case? By taking the adverse Bishop, he would have freed himself from a perilsous attack, doubled his adversary's Pawns, and have had the superiority of force.

(d) From this moment to the end, Mr. Bigland plays with great intelligence and accuracy. Every move is planned and timed with judgment.

UNPUBLISHED GAMES FROM THE GRECO MS.

(Un Altro Gambetto bello, con bella difesa.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	6. Kt takes K Kt P	Q to K R 5th (ch)
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	7. K Kt to K B 2nd	P to Q 4th
3. K Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	8. B takes Q P (b)	Q B to K Kt 5th
4. K B to Q B 4th	P to K Kt 5th		
5. Kt to K 5th	K Kt to K R 3rd		

(a)

And wins the Queen.

(a) This move is inferior to playing Q to K R 5th, giving check, but it was not nearly so much so when adopted by the old Italian masters. According to our rule it allows of White's Castling, which gives him a manifest superiority. In the game as played in Italy, however, it must be remembered that a player was not permitted to Castle if in the operation he attacked an undefended Paoce or Pawn of the enemy.

(b) Variation on White's 5th move—

28. P takes Q P	P to K B 6th	11. K to B sq	P takes P (ch)
9. B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	P to Q B 3rd	12. K takes P	Q to K Kt 4th (ch)
10. P takes P	Q to K 2nd (ch)	13. K to B sq	Q takes B (ch)

And wins.

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 587.—By E. B. C., of HOBOKEN, U.S.

White: K at his 6th, Rs at K Kt 2nd and Q B 2nd.
Black: K at his 6th, Rs at K B 5th and Q 5th.
White to play and win.

No. 588.—By the SAME.

White: K at K R 2nd, Q at K 5th, R at Q B 7th, Ps at K 4th and 7th.
Black: K at K R 2nd, Q at K 6th, Rs at K R sq and Q R sq, B at Q B 4th, Kt at K B 3rd, Ps at K R 3rd and K Kt 2nd.
White to play, and mate in five moves.

NOTES OF A RAMBLER.—No. VI.

PERTH.

The simple details of the changes that have taken place in the names of towns and streets in the United Kingdom would form a curious history, and the research would be of considerable interest to the patient investigator. In London alone the changes are almost incredible, the process of corruption having been gradual. The names of streets were not, as now, legibly painted at every corner, but subject to the vicissitudes arising from imperfect articulation or treacherous memories; so that, in time, some word of similar sound superseded the original name, and resulted in the establishment of titles bearing no analogy to the original. How St. Olive-street should become Tooley-street; King Athelstane-street, Addle-street; Boulogne-Mouth-street, Bull-and-Mouth-street, are questions the solution of which we need hardly attempt while sauntering through the northern city of Perth.

Perth has, however, undergone many changes, even in its name, and seems to have cast her several designations with as much facility as the Cobra serpent slips its skin. Originally called St. Johnstown, or Johnstone, from the fact of a church, dedicated to St John the Baptist, being founded here at a very early period; and it is supposed to have being one of the first, perhaps the first, stone church erected in the kingdom. Subsequently it lost this name, and was called Bertha, a supposed corruption of Bhar-tatha, signifying in Celtic the Height of Tay. As the letters B and P are pronounced nearly the same in Celtic, the change from Bertha to Berth, and then to Perth, was not only easy but almost natural; although, as it now stands, no distinct meaning can be attached to the name.

The situation chosen is about the worst that could be adopted for an extensive city: it is a flat meadow-land, raised only a few feet above the level of the sea, so that anything like a proper system of drainage is next to impossible. The penalty attending the choice of the locality has often been paid by the populations. On several occasions the plague was invited, and, in 1645, its ravages were so great that 3000 of the inhabitants fell victims to it. Should the cholera travel as far north as Perth, it will find an atmosphere ready to receive it if there be any relation between insufficient sewage and the presence of that mysterious disease. To have chosen the flattest and worst locality in the neighbourhood, when so many sloping and undulating grounds are lying adjacent, is one of those evidences of mistaken judgment that cannot well be explained.

But for its historical associations, there is very little in Perth worthy the attention of the visitor. Being the capital of Scotland until the reign of James III., it almost necessarily became the scene of many bloody encounters. When might was the only recognised right, it need not surprise us to find that here sundry Kings and nobles were, by jealous friends or ambitious foes, barbarously butchered. The contiguity of many feudal castles clustering round the centre palace of Soane, and the animosities engendered by the favour of the Monarch being manifested to any one clan in particular, to the exclusion of the others, led to a condition of society by no means admirable, nor likely to cherish those devotional principles for which their ancient Church was originally founded and intended to communicate. Here, however, stands the fine old Church of St. John; and here John Knox thundered forth his anathemas against Popery. To the stirring eloquence of that wonderful man working on the poetical temperaments of the people of Perth, and exciting a number to unite and march on Edinburgh, it is said we are chiefly indebted to the bloodless settlement of the Reformed Faith in Scotland.

We visited with deep interest the North and South Inches, so celebrated in the works of Scott. The former so frequently the theatre of desperate deeds of daring, was now almost covered by a multitude of youths and children enjoying their various games; while nearer the Tay were the lasses busy folding the clothes, which earlier in the day we presume they had been washing in or near the river. Passing through the length of the city to the South Inch, we came upon the statue of Sir Walter Scott, which possesses no great merit; and the only structure having any claim to architectural taste, is the group forming the County Buildings. The North Inch is open, and well arranged for the purposes to which it is adapted—the healthful recreation and enjoyment of the people. The South Inch has pleasant walks and shady avenues equally well adapted for the purposes to which it seems to be devoted. The North Inch may be the Court side or end of the town; the South is as evidently the courting end of the city. Here are no boisterous shouts of merriment, no loud laugh at the issue of a well-conceived and quite successful practical joke; but the scarcely audible whisper, requiring heads to come in close proximity before the sense can be clearly apprehended, if indeed that be possible, when we understand the general absence of mind described as peculiar to people in this tantalising condition of loving truly, and yet being ashamed to speak. Having no desire to disturb the meditations of the few couples, who, by the consent of the town seemed to have conferred upon them the beautiful meadow, we turned towards the river, and half expected to discover a notice to the effect, "that from seven until nine of the clock of the evening, the South Inch of this ancient city is devoted to the development of the sacred duties of the heart;" and why not? If one Inch is devoted to play, why should not the other Inch be understood to be devoted to love? Much convenience might result from the adoption of such an arrangement. It would save many blushes to some, and a world of trouble to all. The desire to walk on the South Inch might be considered as approaching within one inch of the altar, and equivalent to asking the size of the third finger. We offer these hints to the citizens, with the full persuasion that we shall be unanimously supported by the fairest portion of the population of that fair city. Here, for the first time, we witnessed the plan of netting, or rather of attempting to net, salmon; but the water was too clear, and the fish were not to be caught. The result of the draught or haul was the source of much interest and some sporting speculation. Baubees were betted with as much anxiety as if it had been a thousand pounds, and the issue the St. Leger Stakes, with all its accumulated honors.

Perth is said to have enjoyed at one time a considerable foreign trade, chiefly with the Baltic, the Netherlands, and the Mediterranean, but, the silting up of parts of the river and the consequent shallowness of the stream has greatly interfered with its success, and caused it to retrograde. The parties interested hope to improve its condition as a port, by deepening the river. Looking at its situation and the much better position of Dundee as a seaport, we are of opinion that success in the attempt may be hoped for, but never can be fully realised. The genius of commerce is such that it will not be coaxed. If time is lost and more danger is experienced by unloading at one port than there is at another, merchants will seek the safer port, whatever may be the desire of interested parties. So long as Dundee marches on with the spirit of the times, and enjoys the presence of enterprising traders, she need fear no rivalry from Perth; and the people of Perth had better spend their money in draining their city than in the hopeless attempt of ever making it a port of importance. The tedious and dangerous navigation of a tidal river, occupying many hours, when the same space can be traversed in one-tenth of the time by a railway, not too well managed, points in the direction to which their energies should be applied. The good folk of the "Fair City" had better hang their hopes on the prosperity to be derived from railways on land, than on the fruitless endeavour of securing it by water.

Sundry trades at one time flourished here—such as tanning, printing, glove-making, &c.—all of which have either vanished, or been so reduced, as to be unworthy the name of trade; while Dundee, from its better position, seems to have grown and prospered as Perth stood still, or dwindled: and dwindle she does, even in population, as is shown by the Census of 1851—the best corroborative evidence that can be brought to support the opinions of a

RAMBLER.



LAUNCH OF THE AUSTRALIAN STEAM-SHIP "PACIFIC," AT MILLWALL.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

THE autumnal season has arrived; and, during the day, whilst the sun shines, summer toilets are required; but in the evening they must be changed for the warmer dresses of winter. As yet there is not much novelty; and the fashions of last spring reappear in place of anything new. One garment only, which we mentioned in the spring, has become decidedly fashionable: it is a small round cloak, with a little collar, and trimmed only with a silk galloon to match. The colour is grey, of a dark or light shade, composed rather of black and white threads mixed, than of grey threads alone. The material employed for these cloaks is either *la peau d'agneau*, or *la petuche frisée*: they are lined with wadded silk. Scotch plaids are much worn; in different colours, mixed with white and black, with Scotch borders.

We have seen lately a new method of arranging the skirts of the dresses, which if adopted, would replace flounces; it consists of bands which reach from the waist to the bottom of the petticoat, at a short distance from each other, the whole of the petticoat being slightly puckered by these bands; they are of the same material as the dress, and are finished on each side with braid. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond, the bands being placed either lengthwise, and thus gathering the sleeves crosswise; or crosswise, and gathered in the opposite direction.

Braces are much worn as an ornament. They are narrow at the commencement, and widen towards the shoulder, descending on the back rather wider than in front, and finishing at the waist. When the body is made with basques, the braces continue to the edge.

The sleeves worn at present are nearly all formed of three puffings; in

the gathers are placed little rows of ribbon, similar to those which ornament the bodies.

We have visited the shops, in order to find some great novelty for the winter; but we have only discovered some Scotch plaid satins, of vivid colours, similar to those worn last winter; also, some saracens of varied designs, and some new patterns evidently taken from eastern drawings.

For the under sleeves we have noticed the *Manches Pompadour*. They are made either of muslin or net, and are composed of two large puffings, separated by a smaller one, through which a ribbon is run; they are trimmed with two flounces, either of lace or muslin embroidery; each flounce is headed by a small puffing, and two bows fasten the middle of the sleeve.

by chain-stitch. The summer mantillas, for some time past, have been so made that they may suit the season which is advancing; the colour of the saracenet is darker, and the open embroidery diminished.

White Crape and Blonde Bonnets, with pink feather-flowers underneath, which are very becoming to the complexion. Grenadine shawl, with Scotch border and fringe. Dress with large plain dark stripes—a pattern woven in the light stripe of the same colour, and composed of detached bouquets, or of a long wreath. The dark colours most worn are chestnut, which is very fashionable, as are also violet, green, and black.

LAUNCH OF THE AUSTRALIAN STEAM-SHIP "PACIFIC."

A SLENDID paddle-wheel steam-ship, called the *Pacific*, was launched, on Saturday last, from the building-yard of Messrs. Scott Russell and Co., Millwall, under circumstances of great interest, from her being entirely owned by a Colonial company, and their expectation that she will prove one of the fastest vessels afloat. Her dimensions are as follows:—Length over all, 270 ft.; ditto between perpendiculars, 250 ft.; breadth, 32 ft.; depth, 24 ft.; tonnage, 1200 tons. The engines are oscillating, of 450 horse power nominal, working up to more than 1000 effective horse power. There are four independent boilers, and the ship is propelled by feathering paddle-wheels of enormous strength. It is expected that she will realise a speed of at least sixteen miles an hour at sea, under steam, without the aid of her sails. She has two large decks for passengers, and a saloon more elegantly decorated and finished than any similar vessel in this country.

The *Pacific* has been built for a few enterprising individuals in Sydney



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The *Manche Eugénie*, adopted by the Empress, is elegant and simple, thus uniting the two essential conditions for becoming fashionable. English embroidery for sleeves, collars, petticoats, &c., is now so common, that it is laid aside and replaced by satin-stitch.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Saracenet Bonnet, with a feather, the inside trimmed with flowers; collar embroidered in satin-stitch, with long points. There is a great tendency to exaggerate the size of the collars, which should be avoided. Dress of chestnut-colour saracenet, with three flounces, ornamented with a velvet pattern, woven in the silk; it follows the points of the flounces; in each point there is a small velvet bouquet. We have seen another dress with this little bouquet in coloured silk as well as the pattern which borders the flounces; the sleeves, opened at the inside seam, are formed with points similar to the flounces, and have the same border under sleeves, in muslin.

Bonnet of Rice-straw and Blonde; poplin dress, with wide stripes; saracenet scarf-mantilla, ornamented with stamped rounds, and trimmed with guipure or net; the material of the mantilla being fastened together



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.



THE TURKISH MUSEUM.—“THE HAREEM.”—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and Melbourne, who, at the suggestion of Captain W. C. Thompson, have formed themselves into a company, called the Sydney and Melbourne Steam-packet Company. This Company have already purchased four fine steamers to run between the above ports and Adelaide, and they empowered Captain Thompson to build for them this splendid steamer. It is a fact strongly characteristic of the energy and enterprise of this fast rising colony, that they require for their coasting trade vessels of a class equal, if not superior, in speed and splendour of equipment, to any of those employed on our own coasts. The *Pacific* will proceed to Australia under steam and sail. It is to be hoped that her prosperous trade may justify the enterprise of the Sydney and Melbourne Steam-packet Company. We understand she will have accommodation for one hundred first-class passengers, and three hundred second-class, besides several hundred tons of cargo. The distance between Melbourne and Sydney is about six hundred miles, and it is calculated that the voyage will be accomplished in two days, and that the great speed of the *Pacific* will secure her a monopoly of the trade between these points.

The launch took place shortly before three o'clock, the company, a large number of whom were ladies, having been brought down from town a short time previously in two steamers, freighted by the builders for that purpose. The lines of this beautiful vessel, as she lay upon the stocks ready for launching, excited considerable surprise from their extreme sharpness; but it is understood that by this means very great speed can be attained, and her builders believe that she will prove one of the fastest vessels afloat. At about ten minutes past three the last shores were knocked away, and Miss Savage, the young lady by whom the ceremony of naming was performed, stepped up to the bows, from which a bottle of champagne was suspended, and dashed it against the vessel's side, naming her, at the same time, the *Pacific*. Straightway the vessel glided down the ways, gaining speed as she progressed, till she went crashing and surging, with her broken up cradle, into the water. The launch was a highly successful one, and, notwithstanding the crowded state of the river, not the slightest accident occurred; the *Pacific's* paddle-box passing within a few feet of the bowsprit of one of the transports on the opposite shore, before she felt the influence of the tide. Her mould, and the light and graceful manner in which she sat upon the water, covered with the flags of various nations, were highly admired by the nautical gentlemen present; and it is worthy of remark that she was launched with the whole of her machinery, paddles, chimneys, &c., on board.

After the launch, the company sat down to an elegant luncheon. Mr. J. Scott Russell presided; and after “the Health of her Majesty,” gave “the Navy and Army of England,” with which the Chairman coupled “the health of Commodore Martin;” observing that it was under the superintendence of that gallant officer that nearly all the provisions and *materiel* had been sent out with so much expedition and success to the Black Sea.

Commodore Martin having briefly responded to the toast, the Chairman then gave “Prosperity to the steam-ship *Pacific*,” coupling with it the name of the young lady by whom she had been named, Miss Savage. The Company by whom the vessel had been built were all Australians, and were already carrying on a very successful trade between Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, with four other steamers; and they had caused this vessel to be built with the intention of eclipsing, by her speed, all the vessels now out there. It was a very laudable ambition, but it yet remained to be seen whether her speed would be such as to enable her to accomplish this object. At present all they knew was that, whereas it was expected she would not draw more than eleven feet water when afloat, the result had shown that she did not draw more than nine feet eight inches at one end, and nine feet six inches at the other, so that their first anticipations had been more than realised. Her contract stipulated that she should have a minimum speed exceeding sixteen miles per hour, and from what he had seen that day he had not much fear upon that head.

Captain Thompson purposed taking the *Pacific* out to Australia, and he expected to make the shortest run out that had ever been made. He hoped, therefore, that as many as were anxious to visit the Colonies would avail themselves of this opportunity, as he would not be satisfied if he did not make the voyage in less than sixty days.

The toast was drunk with much enthusiasm; and Mr. Fairfax, one of the owners, returned thanks. The health of Captain Thompson followed; to which that gallant officer briefly responded.

Several other toasts were afterwards drunk; and, at the close of the festivity, the company were conveyed back to town in the steamers.

We understand that Mr. G. V. Brooke, the tragedian, will sail in the *Pacific* on the 30th of next month, for Melbourne.

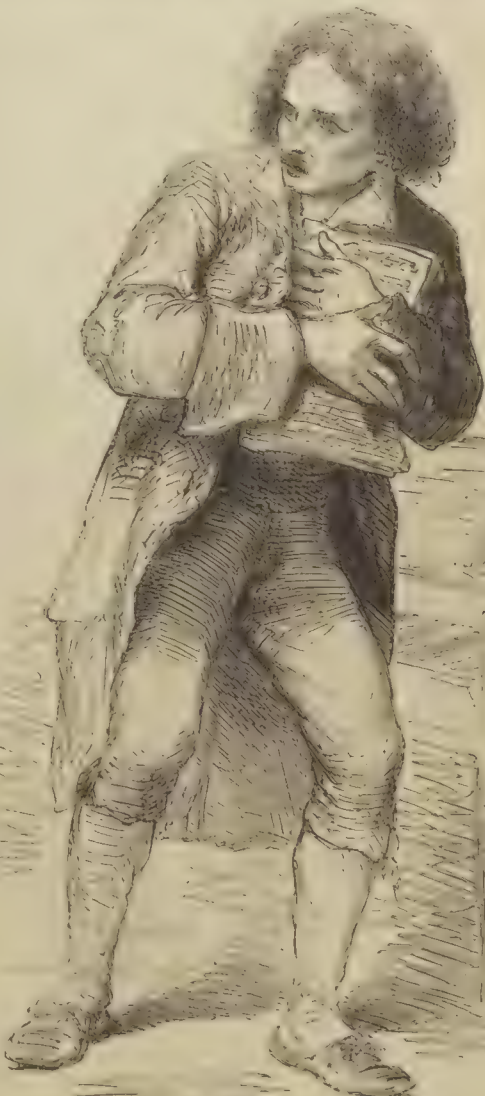
SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT SHEFFIELD.

ABOUT two o'clock on Saturday afternoon a portion of the Castle Mills, situate in Blomk-street, belonging to Messrs. Wm. Parker and Co., gave way and fell to the ground with a tremendous crash. The first warning of the approaching desolation was the fall of a huge stone forming part of the hulls, which were afterwards destroyed. A large trough immediately followed, and then a quantity of ground blades. The whole of one long story of workshops on the north-west side of the building was seen to bend in the middle, and then come down with a frightful crash. Those working in that part of the building were buried beneath the fallen roof. Shovels, pickaxes, and crowbars having been procured, men set to work amongst the debris, and in the course of an hour eight persons were got out, more or less injured. The men continued to work away with vigour for some time longer, when it was at length discovered that no other parties were missing, and they desisted from any further search. The fallen building had contained twenty troughs, eighteen of which were at work. Different opinions exist as to the cause of the accident. Some believe that the foundations near the boiler gave way, whilst others conjecture that the superincumbent weight of machinery, throwing too great stress upon the iron girders which supported the brick arches, had brought the whole to the ground. The damage is variously estimated at from £2000 to £2500. A dray-horse was killed by the falling building.

MR. MORRIS BARNETT.

THIS ingenious dramatist and artistic actor, has, within the last fortnight, repeated his meritorious performance of *Monsieur Jacques*, at the Adelphi Theatre, previous to his professional visit to the United States. His enactment of the rôle of “old Frenchmen” is unrivalled upon our stage; and, with a full recollection of Charles Mathews the elder, and Gattie, in *Monsieur Morbleu*, Mr. Barnett's talent in this line is not lessened in the comparison.

The idea of devoting himself to the dramatic profession first occurred to Mr. Morris Barnett, whilst leader of the orchestra at the French Theatre. He accordingly studied various models in the persons of Perlet, Potter, and Bouffé. Mr. Frederick Yates being then at Manchester, Mr. Barnett proposed to join his *troupe* at the Adelphi in the chorus, that he might become accustomed to the sight of an audience. After one season, he went to Brighton, as a comedian, and thence to Bath. Mr. Barnett was next engaged by Mr. Bunn for Drury-lane Theatre. His first hit was in a piece by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, entitled “The Schoolmaster,” in which the impersonation of the character of *Tom Drops* earned Mr. Barnett universal praise. From this essay his dramatic career may be dated; it was followed by various successes in foreign characters, the greatest *coup* being made in the farce of “*Capers and Coronets*.” Mr. Barnett next wrote and acted “*Monsieur Jacques*,” which created a *furor* at the St. James's Theatre, and was performed throughout the provinces with equal success. Mr. Barnett next appeared at the Princess's, under the management of Mr. Maddox. Mr. Barnett's impersonation of the *Old Guard*, at that theatre, will be



MR. MORRIS BARNETT, AS “MONSIEUR JACQUES.”



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CARMARTHEN TESTIMONIAL.

ON Thursday week, the borough of Carmarthen was the scene of a very interesting demonstration, in testimony of the high esteem in which the inhabitants hold the private worth and public career of one of their fellow-citizens—Mr. William Morris. The Testimonial is a superb piece of plate, which has been purchased by the subscriptions of the inhabitants of Carmarthen; and the presentation took place at a splendid banquet at the Ivybush Hotel—presided over by Mr. Lewis Morris, the Mayor. About 140 guests were present; and, after the customary loyal toasts had been drunk, the Chairman proposed the toast of the evening, the health of their friend, Mr. William Morris. The toast was received with three times three, after which the Testimonial was brought into the room, and placed in front of the chair, amidst loud applause. The cheering having subsided, the Chairman, addressing Mr. Morris, said—"I am deputed by 200 of your fellow townsmen to present to you this silver Epergne, of which they beg your acceptance, as a slight proof of the esteem you are held in by them, and a testimony of their approval of your conduct during the several years you have acted as chief magistrate of this borough. Now, as the last favour conferred is generally the best remembered, they beg me to express their warm and unfeigned thanks for the very generous conduct pursued by you upon the opening of the South Wales Railway. The arrangements upon that occasion were so admirable, and the comfort of all parties so kindly and liberally and impartially administered to, that it was the opinion of all that nothing had been omitted or overlooked; and that the credit of this ancient town had been most nobly represented by you. I have known you, man and boy, for thirty years, and have with pleasure watched your progress as a public character, and am happy to be the exponent of your fellow-townsmen, who desire me to assure you that your able and active co-operation in all matters connected with the welfare of your native town meets their entire approval. In presenting you with this Testimonial, I cannot more aptly express the feelings of your friends than by reading the inscription, and fervently hoping, for them as well as myself, that the Great Disposer of human events will long spare you to your friends and relatives." The Chairman added that, in connection with the presentation of this Testimonial, he held in his hand a list containing the names of all the parties who had subscribed, and he begged Mr. Morris to keep this document, which would be seen by his children and those that came after him, who, he trusted, would emulate his good example. The protracted cheering which followed this address having subsided,

Mr. William Morris thanked the company in an address, in which he adverted to his efforts as a member of the Town-council. He had assisted in promoting the erection of a Market-place, and the establishment of a monthly market for the sale of live stock, which was second to none in the Principality, and which formed the source of no inconsiderable revenue to the borough. As guardians of the public health, the Council had energetically exerted themselves in the removal of nuisances; and he trusted that, by perseverance in the prosecution of public works of a beneficial character, and by obtaining a plentiful supply of water, they would, in future, secure the best guarantee against the attacks of that fearful pestilence, which, not very long ago, made its appearance in their town. Viewing these improvements in the light of a duty to their own preservation, as well as a duty to their poorer fellow-citizens, it afforded him infinite satisfaction, that, having been commenced during his Mayoralty, they had received the approbation of his fellow-townsmen. By following in the same course, he hoped their town would become—what nature intended it to be—the cleanest and healthiest town in the country. He attributed these advantages, in a great measure, to the absence of that party spirit which formerly divided, not only the Town-council, but the community. Mr. Morris sat down amidst loud applause; when

The Rev. W. Reed rose, and added that the character of their guest had been commented on as the friend of commerce, of manufacturing industry, and of agriculture; but little had been said of the aid and support he had given to the cause of education, without which neither of the three important branches in question could well thrive. No educational movement had taken place in that district without receiving that gentleman's aid.

The health of the Chairman, the Mayor, was drunk with vociferous cheering; a variety of other toasts followed; and the festival was a scene of high enjoyment throughout.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO WILLIAM MORRIS, ESQ., BY THE INHABITANTS OF CARMARTHEN.

The Plate is an Epergne of beautiful design, modelled by Mr. Alfred Brown, for the manufactory of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, for Messrs. White and Sons, jewellers, of Carmarthen. The triangular base bears the arms of the Corporation of Carmarthen; Mr. Morris's arms and crest; and the following inscription:—

Presented to Mr. William Morris, by his fellow-townsmen, as a mark of their sense of the efficiency and liberality with which he discharged the duties of Chief Magistrate during the period of his Mayoralty in the years 1851, 2, and 3; and as a testimonial of their estimation of his public services and private worth. Carmarthen, April, 1854."

At the angles are emblematical devices of Justice, Commerce, and Agriculture. Standing on the base is a classically-designed figure of Minerva, with uplifted spear and extended shield, protecting Commerce and Agriculture; with accessories of a mural crown, the wand of Mercury, a reaping-hook, sheaves, cornucopiae, &c. The three figures support a stem, which expands in arabesque scroll-work at top, supporting a cut-glass dish. The Testimonial weighs upwards of 200 ounces; and stands on a massive carved gnarled oak pedestal, designed and manufactured by Mr. John Davies; and the whole is inclosed in an elegant case of gnarled oak, made by Mr. Isaac Davies; both of Carmarthen. It was placed for public inspection in the Council-chamber of the Town-hall.

"GEOLOGICAL WONDER" IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

GEOLOGY has scattered over plains many a "wonder" for generations unborn; such as the scene here represented, which a Correspondent at Sydney (who has favoured us with the Sketch), describes as "one of the most remarkable and mysterious features in geology ever yet discovered." The moon has lent her mystic influence to the scene. The view is taken at the top of a cliff, where the rocks present all the appearance of having been shattered and battered by artillery. Here are globular pieces resembling the largest cannon-balls; they are of grey granite with white centres. Some of them are half plunged into the mass of rock, and must have been thrown into their present position ages ago, when the granite mass, which is of a different colour and description, was in a soft state. Balls are to be found detached and scattered about, as well as fixed fast in the throats of fissures, and rent fragments, as if they had split them up. A clear fresh-water river runs past the bottom of the precipice, which is as high from the bed of the river as the highest part of the Tower of London. Altogether it reminds one of an impregnable natural fortress. On the opposite side of the river is an open valley of considerable extent, and the hills recede in beautiful perspectives until they fade away in blue lines on the horizon. An aboriginal guided our Correspondent, Mr. Robert Cook, to this extraordinary hill, and pointed out the granite balls to him; in return for which, Mr. Cook afterwards made this native a king, by presenting him with a brass breast-plate having "King Jemie, Chief of Auchentorlie," tastefully engraved upon it.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S MILITARY BAND IN LONDON.—Arrangements are in course of completion for the conveyance of the Emperor's band, belonging to the Guides, to London; where it is intended to give a grand concert on behalf of the widows and orphans of the soldiers who may fall in the East. It is probable that the grand concert will be given at the Crystal Palace on an early day next month.

A TELEGRAPH IN TURKEY.—M. de La Rue, Guard-General of the Crown forests of France, being some time back on a mission in Turkey, the Sublime Porte requested him to prepare the draught of a proposal for the establishment of an electric telegraph from Constantinople to Belgrade by Adrianople, with a branch line to Rutchuk and other points of the Danube. M. de La Rue readily complied, and before long sent in a plan for the desired project. This plan, being submitted to the examination of a commission of competent persons, was approved of, with some slight modifications; and the Sultan has since then given his sanction to the plan, by according the concession of the line to M. de La Rue and M. Edouard Blacque. The works are to be executed for a fixed sum, to be paid by the Turkish Government, and M. de La Rue has just returned to France to procure everything necessary for erecting the intended line of telegraph, which will be completed, it is hoped, before the end of the year.



"THE GREAT GEOLOGICAL WONDER" OF NEW SOUTH WALES.



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SUPPLEMENT.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1854.

[GRATIS.]

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.—No. XV.

THE UNINTELLIGIBLE SCHOOL OF POETRY.

WHEN the late Sir Robert Peel once flouted the Economic luminaries of a British House of Commons with "Sir, what is a pound sterling?" he was supposed to have asked a very difficult and profound question. Yet it admits of a scientific and satisfactory reply—a solution not forthcoming, it seems, or ready, when the problem was first thundered from the Treasury bench. But, puzzling as was that famous question, there is another equally noted, and far more perplexing, often asked, and hardly ever answered—a question, subtle, metaphysical, volatile, requiring for its solution a more nicely adjusted mental alembic—a question which has been the origin of a hundred controversies, and is the subject of numberless incompatible doctrines—fresh source every day of theories generally incomprehensible, and always insufficient, the truly irritating, and, perchance, to speak practically, needless or nugatory question, "What is poetry?" This question can be encountered, indeed, well enough by such replies as attempt no more than description; but a definition is an exploit of a different sort, not merely enabling you to recognise a thing by signs, but expressing all that its essence contains, and expressing it within distinct limits which exclude everything else. A description is the servant, not the substitute, of a definition, and often comes down to the door, with a more or less candid face, to tell you its master is "not at home." Among the descriptions of what poetry is (without defining its constituent essence), perhaps Milton's is the best, where he says that it consists of noble

Thoughts,

Which voluntary move harmonious numbers.

We will not trouble Aristotle; we fear he would be rather astonished when he discovered why we speak of poetry at all at this moment. Whether Voltaire had one complete or orbicular idea of anything in heaven or on earth, we are really and truly at a loss to determine; but that he had most clear and trenchant ideas of parts and fragments of

subjects is undeniable, and they were just as clear and trenchant when he was wrong as when he was right. His idea of poetry appears to have been that its vital energy consisted in the verse, and that the vital energy of the verse consisted in the rhyme!

M. Lamartine, though a whole world above Voltaire, has some views of poetry—not quite so good even as his poems themselves—but entirely worthy of him, when in his dithyrambic vein of prose speculation—they are strikingly unintelligible. It is lucky that his practice is rather better than his theory. Therefore, everything considered, we hardly know where to turn for an authority, in order to discover what is poetry. But, it is much easier to say what is *not* poetry! We should have but to remark, "You know, for instance, '—'?" Well, *that's not* poetry. You know—but we are by this reminded that we have scores of volumes of new "Poems" before us, of all sorts, we fear, except one. Well, are *they* poetry? Alas! they are but rhyme,—and we will not disturb the equanimity of their writers by naming them.

It is not an age unfavourable to poetry. We could name several poets who are appreciated and admired; but, that we may not come too near home—that we may avoid appearing to be either invidious, or something else equally bad, let us, as they say in the country, go a little afield, and look abroad. With other languages we need not meddle; they would, indeed, corroborate what we have to say, with multiplied illustrations; but we can leave the limits of this great empire, without emerging from the huge range of our noble mother-tongue. See the mere sale of the American Longfellow's poems; and then consider them in their finish. They will bear much examination. No, the age is not prejudiced against poetry, or deaf to song. Indeed, no age is really anti-poetical, for that would mean that it was anti-natural: but poets sometimes come not; their voice is silent, after, perhaps, the divine strains of a great bard have echoed in the hearts and imaginations of a whole generation; and if, at that moment, a crew of infatuated emulators or hoarse and discordant mimics, arise, which is often the case, the true poetical instinct which denounces and repels them is by them denounced

as the literary deadness and degeneracy of the age. But this is not all for the real poet is thus struck mute many a time when he would have spoken. No Thom can appear without finding some who will believe him to be both Sir William Courtnay and a prophet. No; nor can a literary Tom of Coventry, or a literary Tom of Bedlam, arise, but he discovers some wild and lost stragglers of the reading community to whom he becomes the *ποιητης λαων*; until men of taste, of feeling, and of spirit, are almost ashamed to own for real bards that sympathy and that admiration which they see numbers lavishing with so much noisy zeal on the most worthless and despicable claimants. The greatest enemy of the poet is the poetaster. The greatest enemy of poetry is pseudo-poetry. Near this flower of true song springs apace the succulent and blighting weed of pretended inspiration. The evil consequences are great at the least; and they are two at the fewest. What admirers the false production obtains—or, to borrow a phrase from commercial language, what customers the imitation article secures are but so many students debauched away from that which they really, though unconsciously, seek; and then, in addition, a general feeling of disgust, disappointment, and indignation, injuriously affects even the veritable "staple," which such spurious compounds tend to hide and blockade from the public attention. The first damage there do to poetry is that they rob it of part of its intended position, in which they supersede it; and the second is in the manner in which they fulfil the vicarious office which they have thus usurped; for they excite only contempt and vexation, where the ennobling, civilising, and delightful influence of true poetry ought to have made for itself a great and beneficial career. There is no thorough remedy for this save in the returns, as it were, of epochs, and in the hands of that Nemesis who uses time for her executioner; but, meanwhile, an imperious obligation rests upon critics—never to indulge in foolish and unjustifiable lenity towards this doubly mischievous class of literary productions.

The elder Disraeli refers with a good deal of felicitous fun to a real, actual school of writers who once made the *unintelligible* the purposed, the intentional basis of their style; there were even *professors of the obscure*.



"JOHN BROWN: OR, A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY."—DRAWN BY J. ABSOLON.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

May common sense and right reason not depart from us! but professors of the obscure seem impossible. Nevertheless, that they lived and flourished is a historical truth—a recorded and proved fact. Yet the most successful of these would grow livid with envy on reading some of our modern English verse-makers, who rank as poets in the estimation of the fashionable and the feeble. Incomprehensibility, with them, is perfection. To study them as you would a problem in Euclid, for the first time, seems to be the only rule for reading them. But there is a great difference in the result; for Euclid you understand at last, and it is then worth your while; but these writers, we suspect, would never repay you if you could make them out, and you cannot. The worst of it is, too, that the writers to whom we refer possess just enough ability to perform the office (we speak of taste and genius, not morality) of corrupting and debasing, so far as they are successful, the literature of the country. Total darkness was never accused of misguiding anybody. It is false lights which lead astray. An entirely stupid author is harmless; he cannot bring the imperfectly educated to admire what deserves no admiration—for he is devoid even of that pinchbeck glitter which they mistake in those others of whom we speak for the intrinsic splendour of some precious and incorruptible metal.

And here another consideration occurs. These occasional sparkles and gleams, more or less genuine, which throw an illusory character over the general bleakness, entanglement, and sterility of some of the modern compositions styled poems on their own titlepages, constitute, no doubt, in so far as an additional objection, that, without them, the crazy productions would find no readers at all, much less be taken as models and patterns for ulterior imitation. But there is another thought which these better passages suggest, that the writers themselves might, if they would only abandon their miserable affectation, produce works of real merit. Every great poet has his defects. It is not for these that he is admired, nor by these that he is great; but these are what it is easiest to copy. So, in all things. There is ever some weak side on which the noblest mind resembles, and must resemble, the mass of human strugglers; and to equal or surpass him in that point, they have not to be like him in his distinctive character, but merely to be like themselves in their own common infirmities or their most inconsiderable attributes. Pronounce some new poem, for instance, Byronic; and until you have explained your meaning, this is neither praise nor blame. It may mean much, and much either way, in application to a new writer; and it may mean nothing at all, or but very little. A general may resemble Napoleon in his manner of leading armies, and in his manner of taking snuff; but it is easier to emulate the great soldier in this last particular.

Mad with a passionate longing for fame, and more mad with the inferior sense and secret instinct of incapacity, small men strain to do what great men have done. For, it is a most certain truth, that the desire of renown is not a proof of the power to achieve it, or of the qualities that deserve it. "The last infirmity of noble minds" is an infirmity of an immense number of other minds also; and he cannot be an observer who is not aware that the craving for immortality is just as strong and as ravenous in thousands of persons of exceedingly poor abilities, every generation, as in any one of those mighty spirits who occasionally, "shaking the strength of their unconquerable wings," disengage themselves, and soar upwards out of the vast swamp and morass of mediocrity.

There are two or three infallible signs of genius, to which we will just allude. It would be more correct to speak negatively; it is more correct to say that the absence of these signs is an infallible guide, than that the presence of them is always equally conclusive. But, first, we may take it as a principle better attested, and more easy to establish than any other in criticism, that true greatness in literary matters, as in everything else, is always strikingly marked by a certain simplicity, and by a general, self-sustaining, and pervading coherency. Master minds are intrinsically comprehensible and translucent. Homer is simple, Virgil is simple, Horace is simple; Dante, though sombre, is severely,—and Milton, though learned, is austere simple. Only in the decadence and corruption of a nation's literature, obscurity and affectation flourish. Lucan is not so simple as his Roman predecessors; but is he so great? The bloated Murat was not so simple as his Emperor, nor Parmenio as Alexander.

Another mark, without which you never find exalted genius in any department of human life, is a certain valiant modesty not separated from, but inextricably blended with serene courage and self-reliance. You never see a great poet, in the beginning of his work, foaming with arrogance, talking of tearing down immortality from the very stars of heaven, lashing his own conscious weakness into courage by frantic and spasmodic paroxysms of threat, promise, and brag. Never. But how many examples of this could we not cite from the ranks of mere rhymerasters and jinglers. The object we have in view, however, is not to give pain; but to recall the cultivators of poetry to the only true method of achieving durable success, if they happen to be gifted with the necessary faculty. If wrong principles of writing obtain vogue, a large number of writers waste their own abilities, and contribute to vitiate the taste of a still larger number of readers. The author who spoils his own talents spoils other people's. It would be better if such an author, instead of sometimes, though seldom, winning that ephemeral kind of success, which is the only kind possible to him, never gained any at all. His failure could not be more than his own private mishap; but his effluence triumph is a general calamity; it tends to impair the efficiency and healthiness of contemporary literature itself, that most powerful engine of civilisation—that incessant educator of humanity. The moment an author is perceived to be either purposely or habitually obscure, all persons of a high order of intellectual endowment ought to scout his pretensions at once. There can be but one motive for wishing to conceal your meaning; that you feel it to be unworthy of the light, and unable to bear it. There can be but one explanation, on the other hand, of constant obscurity when it is involuntary, and that one only possible explanation is, that the writer is a blockhead, a downright blockhead, who either knows not how to express his ideas, or has none to express. In the former case he should not have written yet; in the latter case he should not write at all. No person should demand listeners till he has something to say; nor even then, unless he can contrive to say it.

JOHN BROWN; OR, A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

(From the forthcoming Second Series of "English Songs and Melodies," the Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Musical Accompaniments by Sir H. R. Bishop.)

I. I've a crown I can spend,
I've a wife and a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown;
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door,
By my shady vine,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drink in a glass
In my arbour a glass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

II. I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance and fawning and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers,
And the briar in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a dishonest name,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

III. I love a simple song
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden-gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I elph for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

IV. So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unrevexed, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist, and to be glad, John Brown.

LITERATURE.

SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 2 vols. Low.

Never was the cause of the oppressed more powerfully advocated than by the feminine champion of the rights of Uncle Tom, and the indignant denouncer of the wrongs suffered by the man of colour. The cordial reception experienced by Mrs. Stowe in this country, afforded the occasion for the volumes before us, consisting of letters written to her family during her sojourn here by the gifted authoress; and they contain her first and most vivid impressions of our manners and country, with some exceedingly valuable remarks on our literary celebrities and most renowned poets. Those on Shakespeare and Milton are singularly pleasing, judicious, and frequently profound.

In her descriptions and criticisms equally Mrs. Stowe is disposed to write with a grateful enthusiasm which has as much in it that is national as individual. "An American," she feels and states, "can never approach the old country without a kind of thrill and pulsation of kindred. Its history," she adds, "for two centuries, was our history: its literature, laws, and language, are our literature, laws, and language":—

Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, were a glorious inheritance, which we share in common. Our very life-blood is English life-blood. It is Anglo-Saxon vigour that is spreading our country from Atlantic to Pacific, and leading on a new era in the world's development. America is a tall, slightly young shoot, that has grown from the old royal oak of England: divided from its parent root, it has shot up in new, rich soil, and under genial, brilliant skies, and therefore takes on a new type of growth and foliage; but the sap in it is the same. I had an early opportunity of making acquaintance with my English brethren; for, much to my astonishment, I found quite a crowd on the wharf, and we walked up to our carriage through a long lane of people, bowing, and looking very glad to see us. When I came to get into the hack it was surrounded by more faces than I could count. They stood very quietly, and looked very kindly, though evidently very much determined to look. Something prevented the hack from moving on; so the interview was prolonged for some time. I, therefore, took occasion to remark the very fair, pure complexion, the clear eyes, and the general air of health and vigour, which seem to characterise our brethren and sisters of the island. There seemed to be no occasion to ask them how they did, as they were evidently quite well. Indeed, this air of health is one of the most striking things when one lands in England. They were not burly, red-faced, and stout, as I had sometimes conceived of the English people, but just full enough to suggest the idea of vigour and health. The presence of so many healthy, rosy people looking at me, all reduced as I was, first by land and then by sea-sickness, made me feel myself more withered and forlorn than ever. But there was an earnestness and a depth of kind feeling in some of the faces, which I shall long remember. It seemed as if I had not only touched the English shore, but felt the English heart. Our carriage at last drove on, taking us through Liverpool; and a rail or two out, and at length wound its way along the gravel paths of a beautiful little retreat, on the banks of the Mersey, called the "Dingle." It opened my eyes like a paradise, all weariest as I was with the tossing of the sea. I have since become familiar with these beautiful little spots, which are so common in England; but now all was entirely new to me. We rode by shining clumps of the Portugal laurel, a beautiful evergreen, much resembling our mountain rhododendron; then there was the prickly, polished, dark-green holly, which I had never seen before, but which is, certainly, one of the most perfect of shrubs. The turf was of that soft, dazzling green, and had that peculiar velvet-like smoothness, which seem characteristic of England. We stopped at last before the door of a cottage, whose porch was overgrown with ivy. From that moment I ceased to feel myself a stranger in England. I cannot tell you how delightful to me, dizzy and weary as I was, was the first sight of the chamber of reception which had been prepared for us. No item of cozy comfort that one could desire was omitted. The sofa and easy chair wheeled up before a cheerful coal fire, a bright little teakettle steaming in front of the grate, a table with a beautiful vase of flowers, books, and writing apparatus, and kind friends with words full of affectionate cheer—all these made me feel at home in a moment. The hospitality of England has become famous in the world, and, I think, with reason. I doubt not there is just as much hospitable feeling in other countries; but in England the matter of coziness and home comfort has been so studied, and matured, and reduced to system, that they really have it in their power to effect more, towards making their guests comfortable, than perhaps any other people.

The satisfaction of the writer with those of whom she was the guest sparkles in every sentence of her book. It is iridescent with delight, and glowing everywhere with unaffected thankfulness. Mrs. Stowe was pleased with her recognition and reception, and she has done wisely in unreservedly acknowledging the fact. There was a charm in everything she witnessed, and that charm she has transferred to these pages. There is a spell in every line, there is magic in the web of every thought, that here finds utterance: that magic is true feeling, which can never be wrong, let critics carp as they will at the spontaneous impulse. It flows from Nature's fountains—nay, it is as the life-blood of the heart, and is truly the genuine expression of the soul.

This ebullition of natural emotion does not prevent Mrs. Stowe from discriminating the attributes of things, persons, and places. She perceives that England has some advantages not possessed by America, and vice versa. Thus, she makes some judicious remarks on what she calls "the permanence of English homes":—

The grounds of the Dingle embrace three cottages; those of the two Messrs. Cropper, and that of a son, who is married to a daughter of Dr. Arnold. I think this way of relatives living together is more common here in England than it is in America; and there is more idea of home permanence connected with the family dwelling-place than with us, where the country is so wide, and causes of change and removal so frequent. A man builds a house in England with the expectation of living in it and leaving it to his children; while we shed our houses in America as easily as a snail does his shell. We live awhile in Boston, and then awhile in New York, and then, perhaps, turn up at Cincinnati. Scarcely anybody with us is living where they expect to live and die. The man that dies in the house he was born in is a wonder. There is something pleasant in the permanence and repose of the English family estate, which we, in America, know very little of.

This remark, properly considered, is of exceeding pregnancy; it hits at once the distinction of the two peoples. Here conservatism, there progress; two distinct manifestations which are the necessary growth of social circumstance, and not arbitrary institutions manufactured by paper constitutionalists. One may see in them natural laws, which, though in apparent antagonism, are really correspondent opposites only, and different powers for good of one and the same principles.

We cannot proceed serially through the various progresses with which Mrs. Stowe was honoured. We must make selection. What we have cited relates to her visit to Liverpool. Scotland also has secured an affectionate remembrance. All her letters are full to overflowing of Scott and Burns, every object suggesting something in their poetry—she felt that she was treading the land of song, and heard music in every breeze. There is much that is delightful in her reminiscences, and not seldom something that is worth noting, as of critical value. Here is a passing reflection, which is well calculated to beget more:—

These ancient castles are standing romances, made to the author's hands. The castle started a talk upon Shakespeare, and how much of the tragedy he made up, and how much he found ready to his hand in tradition and history. It seems the story is all told in "Holinshed's Chronicles;" but his fertile mind has added some of the most thrilling touches, such as the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth. It always seemed to me that this tragedy had more of the melancholy majesty and power of the Greek than anything modern. The striking difference is, that while fate was the radical element of those, free will is not less distinctly the basis of this. Strangely enough, while it commences with a supernatural oracle, there is not a trace of fatalism in it; but through all, a clear, distinct recognition of moral responsibility, of the power to resist evil, and the guilt of yielding to it. The theology of Shakespeare is as remarkable as his poetry. A strong and clear sense of man's moral responsibility and free agency, and of certain future retribution, runs through all his plays.

This is subtle criticism, and we shall remember it whenever we see or read "Macbeth." Verily, Scotland was to Mrs. Stowe a land of enchantment; but we cannot linger on the heather, charming as are her descriptions of Melrose, Hawthornden, and other places. We have some more criticism on Shakespeare, apropos of her visit to Stratford,

which indicates in Mrs. Stowe a depth of mind for which probably all readers are not prepared. She is particularly convinced of Shakespeare being religiously disposed, both by paternity and inclination.

The common idea which has pervaded the world, of a joyous, roving, somewhat unsettled, and dissipated character, would seem, from many well-authenticated facts, to be incorrect. The gaieties and dissipations of his life seem to have been confined to his very earliest days, and to have been the exuberance of a most extraordinary vitality, bursting into existence with such force and vivacity that it had not had time to collect itself, and so come to self-knowledge and control. By many accounts it would appear that the character he sustained in the last years of his life was that of a judicious, common-sense sort of man; a discreet, reputable and religious householder.

The inscription on his tomb is worthy of remark, as indicating the reputation he bore at the time: "*Judicio Pylium, genio Socratum, arte Maronem*" (In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil).

The comparison of him in the first place to Nestor, proverbially famous for practical judgment and virtue of life, next to Socrates, who was a kind of Greek combination of Dr. Paley and Dr. Franklin, indicates a very different impression of him from what would generally be expressed by a poet, certainly that would not have been placed on the grave of an eccentric, erratic, will-o'-the-wisp genius, however distinguished. Moreover, the pious author of good Mistress Hall's epitaph records the fact of her being "wise to salvation," as a more especial point of resemblance to her father than even her being "witty above her sex," and expresses most confident hope of her being with him in bliss. The Puritan tone of the epitaph, as well as the quality of the verse, gives reason to suppose that it was not written by one who was seduced into a tombstone lie by any superfluity of poetic sympathy.

At length, we get Mrs. Stowe in London, and find her in company of such metropolitan notabilities as Macaulay, Hallam, Milman, Sir R. Inglis, Sir F. Buxton, Lord Shaftesbury, the Rev. Mr. Gurney, Kossuth, Lord John Russell, and others. She seems to have been much amused at the modern custom of breakfast-parties in our aristocratic circles, which she tells us "was a novelty to her; that they never had them in America, but that she thought them the most delightful form of social life."

There are, no doubt, many weaknesses and heresies in Mrs. Stowe's books. She confesses for instance to a melodramatic taste in art, and her opinions on pictures are not always according to authority;—but such shortcomings in knowledge and taste we can readily forgive in the candidate for our applause, when the feeling manifested is everywhere naturally produced and naturally expressed. These idiosyncrasies of opinion, so to call them, have indeed their own interest, and we should accept such peculiarities as constituent parts of personal identity.

In our authoress's remarks concerning the exertions of Lord Shaftesbury on behalf of the London milliners and the progress made in regard to other modern associations for the improvement of the social condition of the labouring classes—amongst which Model Lodging and Washing Houses and Ragged Schools hold a distinguished place—there is, of course, no information to the English reader; but they are full of novelty and suggestion to the American. And here we shall do well to direct attention to the fact that these volumes are designed for the latter; and that the holiday tone in which they are conceived is well calculated to promote a friendly feeling on the other side of the Atlantic. The task of the authoress has naturally been of a conciliatory character. She had to reconcile her American readers to the details of a personal triumph in which America itself could not partake; and, connected with social abuses, not to be reflected on without a sense of national degradation. We doubt not that she has reconciled her duty with the national sentiment by the glow and the brilliancy of these "sunny memories."

Nor are her Continental experiences less pleasing. In them, also, she contemplates the object from its sunny side. She had the same good word to say of the Parisian soirées and salons, as of London breakfasts and luncheons, and is guilty of the same heresies in art at Versailles as at Windsor; shrewdly observing, "there is nothing safely admirable, I find, but the old masters." Notwithstanding this, however, France was to her a dream-land! "the lotos-eater's paradise!—a land where it is always afternoon." The Louvre was the palace of art—a school in which she sought to learn what art was. Claude and Rembrandt are among her favourites. Of Raphael and Rubens she speaks as follows:—

There were Raphaels there, which still disappointed me, because from Raphael I asked and expected more. I wished to feel his hand on my soul with a stronger grasp, these were too passionless in their serenity, and almost effeminate in their tenderness.

But Rubens, the great, joyous, full-souled, all-powerful Rubens!—there he was, full as ever of triumphant, abounding life; disgusting and pleasing; making me laugh and making me angry; defying me to dislike him; dragging me at his chariot wheels; in despite of my protests forcing me to confess that there was no other but he.

This Medici Gallery is a succession of gorgeous paintings, done at the instance of Mary of Medici, to celebrate the praise and glory of that family. I was predetermined not to like them for two reasons: first, that I dislike allegorical subjects; and second, that I hate and despise that Medici family and all that belongs to them. So no sympathy with the subjects blinded my eyes, and drew me gradually from all else in the hall to contemplate these. It was simply the love of power and of fertility that held me astonished, which seemed to express with nonchalant ease what other painters attain by laborious efforts. It occurred to me that other painters are famous for single heads, or figures, and that were the striking heads and figures with which these pictures abound to be parcelled out singly, any one of them would make a man's reputation. Any animal of Rubens, alone, would make a man's fortune in that department. His fruits and flowers are unrivalled for richness and abundance; his old men's heads are wonderful; and when he chooses, which he does not often, he can even create a pretty woman. Generally speaking, his women are his worst productions. It would seem that he had revolted with such fury from the meagre, pale, cadaverous outlines of womanhood painted by his predecessors, the Van Eycks, whose women resemble potato sprouts grown in a cellar, that he altogether overdid the matter in the opposite direction. His exuberant soul abhors leanness as Nature abhors a vacuum; and hence all his women seem bursting their bodies with fullness, like overgrown carnations breaking out of their green calyxes. He gives you Venuses with arms fit to wield the hammer of Vulcan; vigorous Graces whose dominion would be alarming were they indisposed to clemency. His weakness—in fact, his besetting sin—is too truly described by Moses:—

"But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked;
Thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick,
Thou art covered with fatness."

Scornfully he is determined upon it; he will none of your scraples: his women shall be as fat as he pleases, and you shall like him nevertheless.

In this Medici Gallery the fault appears less prominent than elsewhere. Many of the faces are portraits, and there are specimens among them of female beauty, so delicate as to demonstrate that it was not from any want of ability to represent the softer graces that he so often becomes hard and coarse. My friend, M. Belloc, made the remark that the genius of Rubens was somewhat restrained in these pictures, and chastened by the rigid rules of the French school, and hence in them he is more generally pleasing.

I should compare Rubens to Shakespeare for the wonderful variety and vital force of his artistic power. I know no other mind he so nearly resembles. Like Shakespeare, he forces you to accept and to forgive a thousand excesses, and uses his own faults as musicians use discords, only to enhance the perfection of harmony. There certainly is some use even in defects. A faultless style sends you to sleep. Defects rouse and excite the sensibility to seek and appreciate excellences. Some of Shakespeare's finest passages explode all grammar and rhetoric like skyrockets—the thought blows the language to shivers.

We deem it but fair to make the above extract, as Mrs. Stowe's æsthetics have been misrepresented by her critics, who could scarcely have read the remarks that they condemn. There is, indeed, a peculiar idiosyncrasy and an originality in her art-criticism; but it is true, because the genuine expression of a real feeling. We have to take her point of view, if we would appreciate her decision, and, having done so, we readily enough admire her judgment and taste, even when her verdict differs from our own. It is evident that she values more the genius of the painter than the finish of the artist. True thought, with inadequate expression, is with her of more worth than the most perfect art with an imperfect ideal. She looks beneath colour and form, and "starts, if soul be wanting there." Where she finds soul, she is willing to compound for executive deficiencies. This is what might have been expected from the manifest character of Mrs. Stowe's intellect; and, therefore, we should welcome the corroboration, and admire it, too, as we would the likeness of a portrait to its original. There is something to us exquisitely beautiful in the resemblance.

As we follow Mrs. Stowe from spot to spot—Chamouni, Mont Blanc, the Côte Noir, St. Bernard, Strassbourg, Frankfurt, Cologne, Dresden, Berlin, Antwerp, and other places—we still continue to admire her more and more; all ego genial, so loving, so thoroughly happy in the enjoyment of the good, the true, and the beautiful. We look upon these volumes in other than an ordinary light, not as memorials of gossip and adventure, but as delineations of a free and cheerful spirit, rejoicing in its appreciation and revelling in the consciousness of a life well spent, and of a mind that, in the pursuit of instruction, had been providentially gifted with the power of performance, in a direction calculated to advance and elevate the race, while it relieved the suffering and the oppressed. The work is appropriately jubilant; it is the record of an oration for a victory accomplished in the cause of humanity and justice.

MY CRUISE WITH THE "ECCENTRIC GENTLEMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENOY, R.N."

CHAPTER I.

I HAD been three months paid off from the *Lotus*, and was down in the country, stopping with my old friend Mr. Hedger, of Ditcherton, and recruiting my strength, which had been somewhat impaired by a year's service on the coast of Africa. Very pleasantly the days were jogging on—shooting, seeing the country, dining out, and "all night in," being downright luxuries to a fellow who for many long days had been stewing in salt water in the tropics, like a piece of ship's beef. I began to have a very pretty steady trigger finger again; to be able to eat meat without its having been devilled, and to be moderate with cayenne. I was losing that loud voice which one involuntarily acquires by carrying on duty at sea; and I had begun to be glad that I was in a place where female beauty is not confined to two or three, white individuals among a black population (the very sight of a missionary's family being a Christianizing object in itself, irrespective of the missionary's sermons), but tolerably widely spread about. In fact, I was as jolly as it is the custom of Harry Rebeck Fitzurse Swillington to be, whenever that distinguished individual gets even tolerable encouragement to be so. Such being the case, fancy my feelings when he following little phase in my career presented itself.

"Harry," said Mr. Hedger, one morning at breakfast, "I think, for a change, we might try some rabbit shooting. I have a cocker as lively as a compass needle, and there is a capital place not far off."

I agreed readily. Half-an-hour found us *en route*. The lapse of a reasonable time further found us entering on the edges of a glen or ravine, plentifully lined with furze, and adorned that broom, a sprig of which formed the symbol of my ancestor, the first Plantagenet.

The cocker disappeared in the hollow. In a couple of minutes we heard his voice. An instant, and a rabbit bolted out at full gallop: a flash, and he turned head over heels a few times, and was as quiet as a spent shot.

My friend Hedger smiled approvingly. Conscious of my skill, I was tranquilly proceeding to load. The ramrod was in my hand, when Hedger said—"Hillo! what the deuce is up?"

I turned to see what attracted his attention. A country lad, whom I had often seen about the stables, was running towards us with something white in his hand. I paused. The clown was out of breath when he reached us, and thrust into my hand a confounded long letter, "On Her Majesty's Service," marked "Immediate," addressed to myself. I gave vent to an imprecation worthy of Benbow. Opening the fatal document, I found myself appointed to H. M. brig *Thumper*, Commander Woppy, serving on the Mediterranean station.

"It might have waited till we came in," said Hedger, laughing. I thought it might have waited till Doomsday; but good, kind Mrs. Hedger (one of the best and simplest of women) had been awed by its aspect, and forwarded it on, for fear I should incur, through any neglect of hers, some terrible penalties of military law. Confound it! My hand was put out: I did not touch the hair of a rabbit again that day.

The best friends must part, as Jigger of the *Bustard* said to his Maltese tailor when his ship was ordered home. Next day I was rolling along to London; and not long after I was steaming down Channel in a steamer, *en route* to Malta. Prog is excellent in the steamers in one of which I made this journey; the wine is ditto; and I for one did not join in the complaints of Ensign Thimbleston, who memorialised the Directors of the Company on the subject of the sherry—the truth being that the meagre cub was disabled by sea-sickness from judging of that or any other article of refreshment.

When we arrived in Malta—to which this was my first visit—I reported myself on board the flag-ship, and was ordered to wait in her till the *Thumper* arrived. The *Thumper* was just then at sea, but was expected in harbour very shortly. I went below, and made the acquaintance of the flag-ship fellows (by-the-by, I omitted to tell you that I was a mate at this time, i.e., a "passed midshipman," as the Yankees call it), and proceeded to inquire into the reputation of the *Thumper* in the squadron. No sooner had I mentioned her name than I perceived "sensation" among my audience.

"The what? The *Thumper*, did you say?"

I said, "The *Thumper*."

The young gentleman who had spoken whistled a popular air.

"My dear sir," said I, with a touch of melancholy, "whatever be the peculiarities of the *Thumper*, I am doomed to experience them. I beg to be enlightened about the vessel. When I tell you that I have served with Moper in the *Porpoise*, you will be aware that I am not easily to be frightened by the prospect of service in any vessel. Possibly you have heard of my name; and, in that case, also, you will know that naval difficulties are familiar to Fitzurse Swillington."

"Oh, Swillington, of the *Porpoise*? You brought your first lieutenant to a court-martial, didn't you. Ha! you're to be served out!"

I do not intend to intrude on the public any part of my history not necessary to illustrate the special part of it which I have here undertaken to narrate. But, suffice it to say, I had a little adventure of the above-mentioned sort in the *Porpoise*: it began from the First Lieutenant calling me on deck, publicly, "a d—d son-of-a-gun;" and my founding a complaint on that event; for the truth is, I am *not* the son-of-a-gun, but the offspring of a respectable country gentleman, and justice of the peace, the head of a branch of the Swillingtons of Swillington.

"To be served out, eh," said I, "Is the *Thumper* in bad odour, then?"

"The *Thumper*," said the young gentleman who had spoken, "is commanded by an *Eccentric Gentleman*."

The laugh which followed, convinced me that this phrase was a classic one in the squadron. My friend continued, tapping his fore head, "Woppy, the commander, is a strange fellow—a queer card, sir. Very singular fellow, Captain Woppy."

I looked hard at the speaker, and gathered somewhat more of his meaning from his face, than I had already from his words. I had in my time sailed with strange men; was, indeed, in South America, when that station was commanded by an old Admiral, who was a hypochondriac. Hypochondria of a decided character marked that old Admiral. He laboured under the hallucination that that part of his body which her Majesty's ships never show to an enemy, was made of glass. This made his conduct occasionally very singular; though, perhaps, you will think that if he had believed his head equally pellucid in substance, he would have been under a still more fatal delusion! But this is mere digression, and must be stopped.

I did not like to press men, whom I now saw for the first time, to talk on the subject of this new commander of mine. I knew I should see him in due time, and that, whatever had to be gone through, I should have to go through, whether I speculated on it or not. "Sufficient for the day," &c., was a maxim of which I had learnt to make the most on the coast of Africa. There, my principle was (knowing

the uncertainty of life, and the uncertainty belonging to the occupations of life, in the squadron there), to make the most, and the best, of to-day. Often, by-the-by, the truest plan of preparing for to-morrow, also.

I was not, then, particularly startled, when I heard, in due time, that the brig *Thumper* had arrived. My chest—used to locomotion—swung over the flag-ship's side once more; I was soon shot across the harbour to the *Thumper*, by the brilliant cutter which conveyed me; and I found myself on the deck of the brig which was my destiny.

Nobody in the shape of an officer was there to receive me. I stood still, and looked about me. My first impression was of the dirt and littleness of the *Thumper*, and how much over-masted she was. Everything bore the aspect of neglect. The green paint was dim and dusty; the guns, seedy and brown; ropes, not half coiled down; deck, slovenly. One or two of the men were asleep about the waists, and those who were engaged on anything were doing it in a dawdling easy style. I shouted out for a quartermaster with an energy which I flatter myself made a few of the rascals open their eyes.

"Quartermaster," said I, as he made his appearance, "where's the officer of the watch?"

"Officer of the watch, sir? Mr. Mutton's on shore, sir. Mr. Piper's below, sir."

"Oh. And is Captain Woppy on board?"

"He's asleep, sir."

Very satisfactory, thought I; whereupon I gave orders for my chest to be taken below. The quartermaster seemed to have had no idea that anybody was coming to join. After several efforts, he succeeded in persuading a few hands to interest themselves in my chest, and convey it down the main hatchway—which they did, as slowly and gingerly as a company of undertakers bringing a coffin down stairs.

"By Jove, you want a change here," said I. The quartermaster touched his hat, and moved off.

Seeing nobody to whom to report my arrival, and determined not to wake Woppy for the purpose, I made the best of my way to the berth to see what destiny had in store for me there. A temporary obstacle was presented to my entry, by Mr. Piper's legs, which stretched across the



door, from the lockers on which he was reposing. Piper growled and grunted, as I disturbed him; he looked up for a moment, staring at me, through half-open eyes.

"Brought the stores?" said he, sleepily. "They'll clear the boat. Somebody'll clear the boat—ask somebody—clear the boat."

During this speech he had looked at me, in the most owlish manner; but gradually he opened his eyes a little wider, and presently exclaimed—"Why, d— it, it ain't Mutton!"

"No," I said. And Piper made no further remark, but relaxed into somnolency. There was nothing in the appearance of Piper (which was raffish and vulgar) to tempt me to break in on his slumbers. I had gathered so far, that Mutton was gone for stores—I supposed to the dockyard—and I employed myself in surveying the place in which it was my lot to reside in the *Thumper*. I never saw a more wretched hole. The buffet, miserably furnished with tumblers and such needful articles, was broken in many places. The table had been "whittled" and cut. The deck was far from clean. I saw that here, as in my other positions in the vessel, I must expiate with suffering my conduct in the *Porpoise*, which had resulted in a reprimand to the First Lieutenant above mentioned. Glancing at the berth, I formed the most dismal anticipations, and prepared myself for Woppy.

I saw that nobody would make the least effort to render my condition tolerable, so I immediately went to work for myself. I sternly ordered the sergeant of marines to provide me with a servant; I gave peremptory orders to the proper authorities to see about my hammock and hammock-man; and, finding that the mess was unprovided with wine, I sent on shore for a private stock of it, and also of provisions, for my own use. I then, ere the first evening set in, felt that I had done my duty to myself (always the first duty which I look after), and went on deck to take a turn quietly, and make the brig's acquaintance.

The first man I met was Mutton, the midshipman. He had been three times sent back in his examinations, and in every sort of examination. He had failed in seamanship, he had been plucked for gunnery, and he had been "spun" for navigation—three times in each. Piper, I learned, was a long, overgrown youngster, big enough for a dragoon. These gentlemen, with Mopp, the clerk, composed our berth. The gun-room mess comprised one lieutenant, Mr. Purl; the master, Shaggyton; the purser, Bisket; and the surgeon.

I soon found what kind of man Purl was. He was very glad to make my acquaintance, he said. "Our object, my dear Mr. Swillington, should be to make things pass agreeably. Life isn't long enough for disturbances. Nerves wear. Nerves are the running rigging of the carcass, my dear sir—only, if we wear 'em out, where are we to send for fresh stores?" This nautical metaphor conveyed Purl's philosophy. His object was to get the *Thumper's* commission through as

pleasantly as possible, and to make the *Thumper* a kind of yacht. The loose, happy-go-lucky way in which everything was done convinced me that the philosophy of Purl had been hitherto acted on rigidly. To my surprise, I found we were going to sea immediately.

"May I ask you, Mr. Swillington (said Purl gently), to take command forward while the hands are on deck? You take charge of a watch, also, of course. Shall I say that the middle watch devolves on you to-night? Perhaps that will be best."

Delivering himself of this polite speech, he ordered the boatswain to turn the hands up. We were off to sea directly. The men did everything merchant-ship fashion: one topsail dropped out after another, and they were hoisted one by one; a murmur of conversation buzzed about, aloft, while work was going on. By degrees, we left Malta behind; and I found myself leaning against the bulwarks, looking over the quarter at the island, at sunset. "Who the devil's this?" said a voice behind me.

I turned round instantly, and got my first glimpse of Commander Woppy. A little man, with well-formed features, but a most unquiet eye, was before me; with a face not destitute of humour, but well fitted to express rage. He stared at me with extreme curiosity, re-ceeded a step or two, and then advanced again. I immediately, of course, announced my name, and that I had that day joined the *Thumper*.

"Be very careful, sir—very careful in the *Thumper*," said he, shaking his fist.

"I shall, sir," replied I, immensely amused by this opening; for no sooner had he clenched his fist than his eyes sparkled, his mouth closed firmly, and he seemed struggling with suppressed rage.

Lieutenant Purl approached at this moment. Woppy turned sharp round on him: "Have you instructed this officer in the discipline of the *Thumper*, Mr. Purl?"

"Rigidly, sir," said Purl, with gravity. "The name of Woppy, Captain, is not unknown to him."

"Eh! he knows my name? Sharp discipline is my motto, Mr. Swillington; but though severe, we are generous. Everything about the *Thumper* is severely regulated, yet is nobody misused. No one calls me a tyrant, Purl?"

"No, indeed, Captain Woppy."

"No; and, by Jove, they have no provocation to do so. But, by all the devils in Orcus!" roared Woppy, suddenly. Again his face darkened with rage; he shook his fist—"Look there, sir! Boatswain's mate, turn the hands up. On deck, everybody."

He paced the deck to and fro: the pipe sounded. Lieutenant Purl seemed, I thought, to resign himself to an inevitable nuisance. I waited to see what the result of this fit would be. The men came rushing up.

In two minutes Woppy had cooled down. What object had shocked him I didn't see. But Purl, as soon as the men had come up, and were waiting orders, drew near the Commander, and immediately after topsails were reefed to make all snug for the night. Nobody but those who like myself had been near Woppy, knew that this was a happy plan of preventing the need of piping the men down, after calling them up for nothing at all.

When all was again quiet Woppy seemed satisfied, and disappeared down his cabin ladder. Purl moved alongside me, and rubbed his hands.

"Mr. Swillington, you observe that one requires a little *finesse* in the management of the *Thumper*. But when *does* life go altogether easily? Our Commander has his peculiarities; let us make the best of them. Mr. Swillington, make the gun-room your home, when you please. Let us live on those terms which become gentlemen. As officers, I am your superior—as gentlemen, we are equals.

(I don't know that I quite accepted this last proposition—but, no matter.)

"Mr. Mutton, my dear Mr. Swillington, will take the first watch. Though a little obtuse, and ignorant of his profession, and apt to sleep on his watch, Mutton is yet a useful officer. What, if you kindly looked up occasionally, and—just saw how he got on, till your own middle watch begins?"

Purl looked at me in a most innocent manner. I bowed, and expressed my readiness to "make things comfortable"—which was Purl's favourite expression—though it amounted in practice to the making Purl comfortable only. I saw the nature of my man. This politeness was to cover his tactics, and these were to get the work done by anybody who would do it, with as little trouble to himself as possible. He plainly made the best he could of Woppy—most probably with the expectation of, by-and-by, making his own profit out of the task. On the whole, I resolved (meditating these matters on deck, after the late scene) to accept this chapter in my naval history as an inevitable and curious chapter, cheerfully, and to get away to some less extraordinary vessel as soon as it was in my power.

That night I relieved Mutton, at twelve o'clock, and found him quite ready for his hammock. I had compassion on this poor fellow, after hearing of his many failures in the examinations. He seemed a solid, very dull dog, quite familiar with all the tricks and slang of the service, though so incompetent to master its necessary acquirements. Finding me friendly, he opened himself out in talk, in his simple stupid, pathetic way—reminding me a good deal of a seal in his general character.

"Ah! thank you for coming up so quick, Swillington. I am glad there's somebody come to help us with the work. You can have my great coat if you like. I say, he's up, is Woppy, to the hammock-nettings. Don't you try 'caulking' (slang for snoozing) there. And if he don't find you on deck, if he happens to come up, he'll run to the fore-ladder. Don't you trust to getting up by the fore-ladder."

"Oh! I must not trust to the fore-ladder, mustn't I?" I asked, much amused by my thick-skinned friend.

"No. I don't know you can do better than the stern gratings; giving a glass of grog to the quartermaster, you know. You can see when Woppy's light's out if you keep a bit of the tarpaulin off his skylight."

"I thank you very much, Mutton," I answered. "He isn't a safe customer, Woppy, I suppose?"

"Lord bless you," said Mutton, "he's a rum card. 'Battle, and murder, and sudden death,' they used to call him in the West Indies."

This intelligent and zealous officer having gone below, which he did immediately after this speech, I was left alone with the *Thumper* in my charge, in the quiet midnight. The half-hours wore away in the dreary middle watch style. I walked on one side, then on another; then tried the fore-castle; then mounted the stern gratings; glanced at the compass; watched the sails; mused on the sea; thought about my last ship, and about Ditcherton, and wondered what the deuce would come of my present cruise. Three parts of the weary time had worn itself away thus, when I heard something stirring below. I kept my eye on the companion-ladder; and presently I saw a nightcapped head, and soon a body veiled in white, slowly emerge from below. The

(Continued on page 314.)



"SHYLOCK AND JESSICA."—DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

"SHYLOCK AND JESSICA."

DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

MR. GILBERT has selected for illustration a scene from Shakspeare's charming play of "The Merchant of Venice." It represents one of the milder incidents of the Jew's suspicions:—

VENICE.—BEFORE SHYLOCK'S HOUSE
Shylock, Jessica, and Launcelot.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me.
But yet I'd go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house; I am right loth to go
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest
For I did dream of money-bags to-night

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your
repose.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say, you shall see
a masque; but, if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a
bleeding on Black Monday last, at six o'clock in the morning, falling out
that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd rife,
Camber you not up to the casements then.
Nor thrust your head into the public street.
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears—I mean my casements
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of fasting forth to night
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir,
Mistress, look out at window, for all this

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

Exit Launcelot

The scene presented the artist with an opportunity for the display
of the striking costume of the drama, of which he has gracefully
availed himself. The Jew wears "his Jewish gaberdine;" the
maiden wears in her hair sequins; the impersonation realises Mr.
Knight's characteristic of her—"young, agreeable, intelligent,
formed for happiness, she is shut up by her father in a dreary
solitude." The Jew's clown, or servant, is alike characteristic:—

The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat.

The picture is altogether a very successful illustration of Shak-
speare's highly finished comedy.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.—DRAWN BY S. READ.

"THE HAUNTED HOUSE."

DRAWN BY SAMUEL READ.

The subject of Mr. Read's picture is taken from the beautiful poem of "The Haunted House," by the late Thomas Hood. The picture is worthy of the poem; which is the highest praise we can give it.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarr'd by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come,
No face look'd forth from shut or open casement
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of Home
From parapet to basement.

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the Dial.

The wren had built within the porch, she round
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn, within its turfy mound,
The rabbit made his burrow.

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if,
To guard the water-lily.

The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass;
The mould was purple with unheeded showers
Of bloomy plums—a Wilderness it was
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers!

The Statue, fallen from its marble base,
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten
Lay like the idol of some by-gone race,
Its name and rites forgotten.

On ev'ry side the aspect was the same—
All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn, and savage—
No hand or foot within the precinct came
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear
The place is Haunted!

(Continued from page 311.)

figure looked round briskly, and the voice of Woppy roared, "Officer of the Watch!"

"Here, sir!" shouted I instantly.

"Eh? Hem. Oh, you're there, Mr. What's-his-name. Very well. All right."

Commander Woppy (who must have felt it rather chilly, in his

night gear) disappeared again; and I heard him thump, thumping away below, very probably in a rage. No, no, Woppy, I mused, you don't catch—Swillington, Esq., asleep so easily—no, no.

But, next afternoon, I had a good specimen of Woppy's best manner. Coming on deck, he found a swab lying about, where "no swab should be." It was his peculiar notion that the *Thumper* was in a high state of discipline; and it was the chief symptom of his strange frame

sent an aide-de-camp to see what was the matter with him; to which he replied, "All right, Pomposo!" But trifles like these were matters of every-day occurrence. I once expected that he would have precipitated Europe into a general war.

It happened that I was breakfasting with our Consul, who turned out to be from the same county as the Hedgers, and was not sorry to find a fellow who could talk to him about it. The Consul had married a Spanish woman, and his daughter united the languor of the South to the freshness of England. After breakfast, I was lounging about, talking to this young person, with the vivacious gallantry natural to the Swillingtons, when it chanced that I got a glimpse of the *Thumper* from a part of the house, which commanded a view of the bay. To my surprise, the *Blue Peter* was at the fore—the signal for sailing. I was obliged to make my *adieu*, and hurry on board. I found the brig in a state of extreme excitement. The men were at quarters, and the guns cast loose!

"Mr. Swillington, to your quarters, sir!" cried Woppy, when I appeared on deck.

What were my feelings, when I found that Woppy, having had a dispute with some local authorities, had announced his intention of firing on the town, if he did not get satisfaction by two p.m.? As there was a Spanish frigate of fifty guns in harbour, and as the harbour was very well fortified, Woppy could reasonably expect nothing but annihilation in five minutes. But Woppy (in one of his moods) would have attacked anything. He ran about, watch in hand, from one part of the deck to another. I resigned myself to destiny, and only prayed that Purl might be able to exercise the influence over Woppy for which I gave him often credit. Meanwhile, the men cast loose the guns, and stood by to begin proceedings, when they should get the word. And Woppy strode to and fro, watch in hand, waiting for the appointed hour.

"Well," thought I, "there's no use in grumbling at destiny;" and I quoted an old nautical proverb, which affirms, that a man who would "go to sea for pleasure, would go to the devil for pastime." I was stationed at quarters, at the fore part of the ship; and, from the fore-castle, I saw boats passing to and fro, between the Spanish frigate, the shore, and the brig, which (as I learned) was the subject of the dispute. Far it be from me to pretend to know the question at issue with any accuracy. But certain rights were claimed in a brig in the harbour, and Woppy fairly gave notice to the authorities, that if the English flag was not hoisted in the brig, and the Spanish pulled down, by two p.m. he would open fire, as above-stated.

Woppy, during the day, kept up a kind of monologue in which he loved to indulge, when the hands were on deck. "Trifle with me will they? No, by—they won't! As sure as my name's Woppy, I'll teach them better. By twenty thousand devils (here came a paroxysm), what are you doing at that gun? Double shot it, sir—double shot it! See to it, Purl!"

Here he looked at his watch, and then jumped on the stern gratings and fixed his eyes on the brig. "Now for it," thought I, "has Purl not the pluck to confine him as a maniac, and take command himself?" At this instant, Woppy, taking off his straw hat, waved it round his head, and shouted "Three cheers!" The whole body of our *Thumper* fellows—some of the biggest blackguards, and likewise some of the best sailors in the Mediterranean fleet—burst into a tremendous cheer. I sprang to the fore-castle ladder, and saw that the authorities had given in, at the last moment, and that the English flag floated from the brig in dispute. This triumph put Woppy into a state of excitement, which lasted for several days, though it was a victory which, perhaps, did not please the authorities at the Admiralty quite so well. For the Spanish authorities wrote to Madrid; Madrid complained to the English Minister; English Minister referred to English Consul in town; English Consul in town wrote back explanations; correspondence was sent to Admiralty; by Admiralty to Foreign-office, &c., &c.; and, for ought I know, the business is still negotiating itself somewhere to this hour, after Woppy, the father of it, has been for some time in his grave!



But, at all events, the *Thumper* left the harbour with élan in a few days. Woppy gave a dinner or two to his officers directly we got to sea again; his generous emotions having been awakened by his military success (captains' dinners are queer affairs in most ships). I Fitzurse Swillington, have seen a queer one or two; but a dinner in a brig like the *Thumper*, with a captain like Woppy, took the shine out of my experience up to that time. Let me see if I can remember the particulars of one of them.

The Captain's steward comes round in the morning: "Commander's compliments, Mr. Swillington—pleasure of your company to dinner." "Very happy," replies Mr. Swillington. Mutton hears the invitation, and I remark him to be labouring with some secret care. I have a kindness for Mutton, and compassion on his extreme stupidity, so I encourage him to disburden his mighty mind, by entering into jocose talk, and making him laugh. Presently, he says—"That I am going to dine in the cabin—that wine is out in the berth (which I know too well)—that I won't want my share of the rum—that—The deduction

of mind, that (as naturalists say in writing of the rhinoceros) he was subject to "fits of ungovernable rage." After exploding on deck like a human cracker, he ran down into his cabin, and with the utmost violence rang the bell. The terrified steward, in obedience to orders, summoned the entire body of officers to his presence. Entering (with Mutton at my skirts, in the rear), I found Woppy on his sofa, in a paroxysm, drumming on the deck with his heels. "Do they think me a d—d tyrant! Do they think me a d—d tyrant!" he roared. He kept us all in, exhibiting himself in this position for some minutes; then with equal suddenness ordered us all out, crying "I'll stop your leave for a month!" We hustled away pretty smartly. "Two months!!" we heard as we retreated. "Three months!!!" resounded at our heels, as we fled. "All the time you're in the vessel!!!" followed from the distance; and as we gained our berth, the roaring died away.

"He's in good voice to-day," said Piper coolly. "Boy—dinner."

The unfortunate boy whose lot it was to be servant to the midshipmen's mess of the *Thumper*, began spreading the cloth: and everything, I need scarcely say, was in accordance with the general discipline of the brig.

"Why, hang it, no soft tack?" Piper cried.

"Commander made the boat with our bread shove off, sir," replied the boy. "The boatman did not come till we was getting under way."

Piper bestowed a curse on the boatman. "Nothing but salt junk and biscuit," he said; "it's shameful!"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "there's the preserved meat and the portable soup."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mopp, the clerk, speaking for the first time.

"We'll do, then," added Piper. Mutton said nothing, but the soul of an ogre glittered in his eye; and he mechanically fidgeted with his knife and fork.

An involuntary shudder ran through my frame, and a dark suspicion took possession of me.

"Oh, sir," said the boy, continuing his story, "there will be enough of both to do the mess a week."

"The devil!" said Piper. "Why, ca'erer," said he, turning to Mopp the clerk, "I didn't know the funds were so well off. You manage like a trump."

"The funds," Mopp said, "were just enough to pay the bread bill; and as for the preserved meat, I know nothing about it."

"Why!" exclaimed I, "confound me if you haven't been confiscating my private watch-stock."

The boy turned pale. "Please, sir, I found the—" and he was going on to explain; while my messmates seemed to be relapsing into the melancholy of a few minutes before.

"All right, boy!" I said, making the best of a bad bargain, "I'll stand till better times turn up!" a speech which established my popularity on a stable footing. The first instalment of my supply vanished without delay. The grog which followed brought Woppy's reputation on the *tapis*, and I heard an anecdote of him which I hardly think will make him a favourite with the public, in the "Uncle Tom" days in which I rummage up, among old journals and diaries, the notes for this story.—Woppy, it seems, received no little kindness and hospitality from a "coloured gentleman" in one of our West Indian islands, in the days when Woppy had the *Tartar*. The *Tartar* received orders for another region. Woppy was about to sail—must give a parting entertainment to his jovial coloured friend, and had him to dinner. All went well, the dishes were capital, talk was lively, and wine abundant; off went Woppy to sea, with his guest on board, and sold him in the Brazils.

The laugh which I had at this anecdote of our delightful skipper, was still fresh in my memory, when I went up for a mouthful of air, about six that evening. Woppy was on deck, and in one of those light and playful moods which alternated with the "rhinoceros" fits of rage, and constituted the opposite pole of his singular character. While in one of these, he would play and joke with anybody; but you could no more trust him than you could trust a hyæna. It was like playing with gunpowder, harmless enough till a spark fell in your way—and then!—Purl managed him marvellously, and used to be called his "keeper;" and this evening, he was never far from his elbow, while topsails were being reefed, or on any occasion when the hands were at work.

After several days, during which we had been running before a fresh breeze, I found the brig entering the bay, on which stands a fine Spanish sea-port. The wind chopped round, as it happened, and I

heard from the steerage (where I was shaving, in fear of my life) the bracing sharp up, and other operations, which indicated that we had to "beat" in. I swallowed my breakfast as quickly as possible; and, by the time the hands were turned up, was all ready for work. I found the brig under plenty of sail, making a long "leg" over towards an old castle of the Moorish times, which stood on a hill on one side of the bay. Seldom have I seen a finer sight than that bay, that morning. Far in, the light fell full on the white town: all along the boundaries of the sight there was a chain of blue hills; inside of which were visible, on the slopes, down to the sea, pleasant olive-groves and vineyards. The breeze brought a whiff of green country, which refreshed me.

Never have I seen Woppy in a higher state of animation than he was that morning. He had mounted a yellow summer waistcoat—which, by-the-by, seemed to excite no common admiration among the crew, who, with the usual discipline of the *Thumper*, passed sly remarks on it, which reached my ears, and caused me to roar "Silence!" in a professional, but ineffectual manner. Somehow I expected we should have a scene with Woppy that morning; and when I saw that he was going to "carry on"—going to give orders—and take the brig in himself, I prepared my spirits for the enjoyment of a "lark."

The master stood on the fore-castle. Woppy, with a telescope under his arm, stood on a carronade slide, aft. The brig headed on towards the shore, which seemed to swell out and grow large as we approached, so that we saw the figures of men distinctly, and presently their faces.

"Time to go about!" shouted Old Shaggyton, the master.

The man in the chains kept probing old ocean at every throw, and singing out the soundings; at first in the regular sing-song style, and then, as the work grew hotter, in plain straightforward fashion.

"Time to go about," shouted Shaggyton, again. "And a half-three!" cried the man with the lead. Glancing over the side I could see the bottom.

"Put the helm down," cried Woppy. The brig came round very well. "D—d close shave," muttered the master. The brig quickly made way out again, on the other tack; deeper soundings were called out directly.

No sooner had the brig tacked than Woppy made a dive to his cabin; and re-appeared—or did I only fancy it?—wiping his lips. Shaggyton winked his eye at Purl, who had come forward for a minute, and who presently went aft, and hovered about Woppy in his peculiar way.

"Luff!" shouted Woppy; and the brig was brought up to the wind which slanted a little. "Ah!" says Woppy, "make a good leg up on this tack."

"Quarter-less four," shouted the leadman, after some time.

Once more the brig was put about, and once more Woppy dived to his cabin. His eye glittered more than ever at each of these dives; and as the town drew near, and a Spanish frigate was seen at the anchorage, as well as various merchant ships, it was plain that his spirits rose with the occasion, and that he felt it incumbent on the *Thumper* to make a display. And the *Thumper* did make a display.

Presently we were skirting along one side of the bay, keeping close-hauled, and edging into deuced close quarters with the shore.

"Three!" shouts the man in the chains.

No word from Woppy. A slight electric throb passed through the brig a few minutes after. She had just grazed!

"Keep her away!" said Woppy, waving his hand to the man at the wheel.

"And a half four," cried the man in the chains.

"Luff!" said Woppy. And so, enjoying an excitement, like billiards or liquor, or both together, he kept the brig running up to the verge of grounding, and then sheering off barely in time to save her bacon. At every tack he bolted below for a tumbler, and after every tumbler he put her about better. Finally, he slashed into the anchorage, passing so sharp ahead of an English brig that he knocked off her jib-boom; having done which, he shook his fist at her raging skipper, and called him something or other, like the "eccentric gentleman" he was.

CHAPTER II.

We were for some time at anchor in the harbour of this pleasant Spanish town. I visited a good deal (among the nobility, of course) and had more than one convivial evening at our Consul's. Woppy kept up his reputation. The Spanish authorities happening to have a review, Woppy made his appearance on horseback—and a curious figure he was on horseback. Some manoeuvres of the beast he was on proving too much for him, he gave vent to the national exclamation in tones so terrible, that the officer in command

is obvious (as the newspapers say); and I offer my rum to Mutton who can carry any quantity, perfectly unharmed, as these solid, stupid fellows generally can. By half-past four I am dressing myself in the midst of difficulties in the steerage; at five, the piper and drummer strike up the "Roast Beef of Old England"—I join in a procession at the tail of Purl and Shaggyton (giving a glance of admiration at Shaggyton's waistcoat, as big as a topgallant sail, and in his eyes the perfection of dress), and in we march to the cabin, where Commander Woppy awaits us, very fresh-looking, and not a whit less eccentric than ever. "Ha! sharp five—take your places, gentlemen—Mr. Shaggyton, be good enough to say grace!"

There was an unjustifiable glimmer of mad humour in Woppy's eye; I never saw a man more puzzled than Shaggyton, who, I am certain, had never been asked to do such a thing in his life; he stammered, and blurted out, however, such supplication as he could. The steward whisked the cover off the soup-tureen, and dinner began. I remarked that, rude as the cabin was, the plate was very fine, and some of it even old; for Woppy belonged to a considerable family (doubtless the reason why, with his peculiarities, he got commands); and I believe he made a point of dining every day (even when alone, and upon a chop) with all his plate on the table. "Soup?" he said. "Hem!—hot water and barley. Gentlemen, my cook's an idiot, but you must make the best of him; he's mad, but can be managed."

Really this hit his own case so exactly that I involuntarily glanced at Lieutenant Purl; but Purl preserved his gravity, and consumed his soup. Three times Woppy pronounced the soup execrable; but he took three plates of it. I remarked that Purl never acted on anything which our Commander said, but made the best dinner he could without attending to his advice. I followed his example, and found the soup really capital.

The great bore on these occasions is the difficulty attending conversation. The Captain must, of course, take the initiative; and, generally, the talk transacts itself as quietly and soberly as a game at whist. The Captain, by-the-by, also, being too often as slow as a "dummy." But with Woppy this was not the objection, for he was free-and-easy in the extreme. His tongue wagged away from the moment the cover was off the soup tureen.

"Well, steward, anything more to eat? There's Mr. Swillington there; he's got the appetite of a hunter! Mr. Swillington, a glass of wine? Sir, I drink to you. I look on any man's joining the *Thumper* as a personal compliment to myself."

I drank to our gallant Commander with my usual cordiality; and left him to enjoy his mistake of supposing me to have volunteered for the *Thumper* (if mistake it were, and he was not slyly sarcastic) undisturbed.

"Purl, will you partake of pillau?" said the alliterative Woppy. The Lieutenant assented. "Mr. Swillington, fowl?—what part do you prefer?—liver-wing? See you d—d first!" This jest (which, so applied by a captain to a sub, is of venerable professional antiquity) made the rugged Shaggyton roar with laughter, so that, as he was taking sherry at the time, he was thrown into a fit of coughing, which made him black in the face.

"Slap his back! slap his back!" Woppy shouted. Delighted at the opportunity, I gave the old fellow a slap, which resounded again.

"Why, Shaggyton, I thought you were going to choke," the Commander said.

"Wine went the wrong way," growled the master, scowling at your humble servant also.

"Gad, your wine don't often make any mistake," said Woppy, with some humour, and winking at Purl and me.

"I don't care, if it keeps clear of my 'ed," was Shaggyton's response.

I confess I expected Woppy to have gone off into one of his fits at this remark, which, I thought, conveyed a sarcasm. But he did not seem to hear it, and some fresh dishes made their appearance at the moment, and set him off about them. In due time came dessert, and the loyal toast which commences it in her Majesty's service; and which will be drunk in the Baltic, I hope, before this paper of mine appears. Woppy was liberal with his port, and encouraged drinking; but I (who guided myself by the sagacious Purl) took care not to be led into joviality. Wine made Woppy mischievous, as a hearth-fire warms up a snake: I have heard that in the West Indies he has been known to make a fellow drunk, and then bring him to book for what was truly his own fault. Nay, I noticed that Purl became more reserved at every turn of the bottle, and before long he made a dead stop.

"What! no more wine? Mr. Swillington, won't you take some more?"

"No, thank you, Captain Woppy."

"Oh, you don't take anything! Steward, coffee."

The coffee was just entering, when I heard a running about overhead. Then came footsteps on the companion-ladder, and Mr. Piper entered and reported that there was a strange sail in sight, which looked like a man-of-war.

"I don't know what ship of our's can be knocking about now," Purl said, after the youngster had gone on deck again.

"Going to Gibraltar, most likely," the master observed.

"We'll have a look at her," said Woppy abruptly, rising and breaking up his dinner party with little ceremony. We followed him on deck. His lively and free-and-easy humour had disappeared. He was sulky with Purl. His face was red. The men, when they turned up to reef topsails, remarked that the skipper's face was red, and knew he had just had his dinner. Bless you, they see when the skipper's face is red as well as his officers do; they know when he's got his whack on board, as well as the satirical Primby does; they tattle over the private life of the potentates "aft," as on shore snobs tattle about the private lives of lords, and actors, and others, with whose proceedings they have no manner of concern. But you are mistaken if you fancy the good-natured gabble of a fore-castle is not many, many degrees a superior sort of gossip to the gossip of drawing-rooms and taverns—in heart, at all events. Yes; I am not a British patriot of the brandy-and-water school; but I do maintain that the genuine old Conservative loyalty exists fresh and vital in our sailors. If you would know what that sentiment was which Sir Roger de Coverley's tenants had towards Sir Roger de Coverley; if you would know what that feeling was which was felt for a good Lord of the Manor in olden times—felt by the yeomen of Froissart's days towards the gentlemen who led them—that sentiment which the old ballad-writers had for the old ballad heroes—yog may get a glimpse, I say, of the nature of that old-fashioned kind of relation between man and man still in the English navy. But Swillington, my dear sir, you digress; and bagmen will sneer at you if you don't take care.

The man-of-war turned out to be the *Violet*, and she was on her way to Gibraltar, as the experienced Shaggyton had guessed. She hove to, some three cable-lengths off to windward of us, and sent a boat with a midshipman, whom I recognised, the moment he reached the deck, as an old messmate in South America.

"Hallo, Swillington! you here?"

"By Jove! Fred, is that you?"

We met, like two English brothers, in this romantic fashion. We had not seen each other for three years.

Duty first: so my friend reported himself to Purl before saying a word more to his ancient chum, thus blown up against him by a chance wave and wind. I saw Purl speak to him, and then Woppy, who indulged in a pleasant little solo of cursing and swearing on the receipt of the news, which, as I directly learned, was that we were ordered to return to Malta. The *Violet*, it seems, expected to find us at Gibraltar.

Fred Delormie joined me, after delivering his letters for the Captain; While his boat was alongside us, as we lay to, I enjoyed a few minutes chat with him.

"So, you're with Woppy; he's a strange card, isn't he? You've heard, I suppose, of the loss of the *Firefly* on the coast?"

I had not. Fred Delormie then drew his arm inside mine, and moved out of hearing of everybody, and whispered something in my ear. I started back.

"Make sail! *Violet's* boat shove off, sir! Go on board your own ship, sir; go to the devil, sir!" shouted Woppy from behind us.

"Same thing in some cases," whispered Fred, with a hurried shake of the hand. Away went the *Violet's* boat; and the *Thumper* filled, and stood on again, altering her course.

Woppy was, indeed, in a mood. For myself, I had received a hint from my friend Delormie which had quite thrown me out of my usual semi-stoical calm. To be cooped up in a "slummy" brig, messing on ship's beef and dough, with three such messmates as I had—overworked, and exposed to the caprices of a gentleman of unsoand mind—was in itself a wretched position; but, if what Delormie had hinted was founded on truth, I resolved to take steps to alter my condition *instantly*. That I would get anybody to exchange with me was, of course, in the last degree improbable; but, whether or not, I was determined to leave the *Thumper*.

I was musing on this resolution, in the first watch, when the ingenious Lieutenant Purl came up to me. In his fine oily way, he expressed his admiration of the night—the fineness of the night; upon which I hinted that he might keep the first watch. "Ah, ha!" laughed Purl. "This is quite brotherly, now, dear Mr. Swillington! Quite the friendly familiarity I like between officers." . . . And so he took no further notice of the proposition, of course. But he said that he found our captain a little more unmanageable than usual. And then he drew my attention to his skylight, which was usually covered over at night, and showed me how it was possible to keep one's eye on Woppy, through a chink in it, while there was a light below—a measure which had been resorted to when Woppy was—out of sorts! Mutton had discovered this convenience, I remembered, too, and had used it for his own purposes—viz., in order to know whether the Captain was likely to come on deck, and so spoil that "caulking" in the watch which Mutton esteemed it the great triumph of his intellect to secure. It is among my laughable reminiscences of the *Thumper*, seeing Mutton kneel down and peep down into Woppy's cabin, with this object. He would poke his pug nose right into the glass; and then he would get on his legs again, and communicate with the faithful Piper, in this fashion:—"He's got his waistcoat off, Piper;" or, "He's in regular dish-a-bill now, P; there go his tr—." But we are scarcely at liberty to exhibit Commander Woppy to the public in his private night attire.

We were three days going to Malta, during which Woppy kept his cabin. "Quiet, sir—bowel complaint," the surgeon said. It is my private opinion that Woppy drank a good deal of brandy-and-water during this period. He occasionally rang the bell, and told you "not to take the mainsail off her," if he heard you piping the watch to shorten sail. But Mr. Purl used quietly to shorten sail, if needful, and

provide for the safety of the brig in spite of her Commander. He had these fits of seclusion, they told me, and, indeed, I was not sorry for it.

When we had been in Malta for some days, a lieutenant from the flag-ship came on board one morning—a Mr. Rose, a spic-and-span gentleman, who evidently thought the *Thumper* a very plebeian vessel. He was inclined to patronise us most condescendingly; and before long I involuntarily felt myself jerking my fingers, and gazing with much earnestness at his nose. Mutton and Piper gazed at a well-dressed man with scorn. "I say, Swillington," Piper said, "let's ask him down to the berth, and give him some dough." They did not understand his apparition. They could not guess what was the matter, when they found that the *Thumper* weighed, and ran out of the harbour with the swell gentleman on board. For myself I felt certain suspicions of mine confirmed, and thought more earnestly than ever on the great question, how I should get clear of the brig, and that as soon as possible.

What a slashing breeze! The *Thumper* ran before it. The island waned away towards the horizon. Canvas fluttered from bulwarks to truck. Woppy, Mr. Rose (the swell), almost all of us, were on deck. I watched Woppy, and I saw a twinkle in his eye which foreboded something. He had a cynical, but very loud laugh, and he talked away to Rose in his most eccentric style. There was a sheen of humour about the cloudy and fiery insanity of Woppy. And really he played his part very well, in company of the swell—one of the most conceited specimens of a pet officer and dandy I have ever seen.

"Heave the log, Swillington," Woppy said. I did so. "Nine knots." "Oh; you'll get more than that out of her," Rose said, with a smile. "With this breeze she ought to do more than that."

The wind grew fresher and fresher. The log was hove again and again, and a note made of the return each time. Mr. Rose expressed himself more satisfied. Then we tried her on a wind, and in all kinds of ways; and Mr. Rose chuckled and rubbed his hands, and said, "Capital, my dear sir; I didn't think the *Thumper* had it in her. Capital!"

I went below to the berth, and found Mutton and Piper exulting in the brig's progress. "You geese, said I, 'do you know what you're applauding?'"

"Eh!" said Mutton, looking owlish and alarmed.

"Why," said I, "don't you know what this trial means, which seems to delight you so much?"

"No," Mutton said, "I don't."

"Only that the brig is going to be sent to the coast of Africa, that's all. She had better have sailed like a tub."

So saying, I left these young gentlemen to enjoy the reflection, and when I went on deck found the breeze swelling into a young gale. The island lay far to windward, with a black thunder-cloud hanging over it, under which it shone with a white gleam. I was in no humour to enjoy the breeze, or anything else; I knew what the "coast" was, and not pleasant under any circumstances, I knew that it would be intolerable under the command of Woppy. That officer was still aft with Mr. Rose, Purl, Shaggyton, and others.

Mr. Rose took out his watch, and said, "Won't it be time to make



for the harbour, Captain Woppy?" Then he added pleasantly, "We have a dinner to-day in the *Cleopatra*—entertain the Buffs."

"Oh, lord," says Woppy, "I was going to have asked you to take a bit of cowheel with me, in my quiet way." Mr. Rose looked surprised. "Or, there's Purl there, he has horse," added Woppy. "As for my midshipmen, I don't know how the devil they live," he added satirically, having an innate disgust and contempt for anybody who dressed like a swell. "But, lord, we must not keep the Buffs waiting!" he roared suddenly, after his fashion. "Reef topsails!" And so we took in a couple of reefs, and made for the harbour of Valetta.

Picture, now, the brig lying close-hauled, as well up as she can—she behaves very well. Commander Woppy dives to the cabin, as we saw him do the other day—comes up, and puts her about. I watch Woppy. That wild eye glitters. Once or twice, when Mr. Rose congratulates him on the *Thumper's* performance, he gives a peculiar laugh. He jumps off the carronade slide with more than his usual energy, and his loose, thin hair blowing out from under his cap, as he cries "Ready, oh, ready!" and every time, that "Ready, oh, ready" sounds shriller and louder. The hands are turned up to "bring ship to an anchor;" the sky is darkening, and the wind freshening, as the dirty and rough-looking, but lively brig nears the stony shores of the fortified island. There is quite plenty of sail on, particularly as the *Thumper* is over-masted, and eyes are turned up, occasionally, at the strained topsail yards from the crew gathered together, fore and aft, at their stations.

She goes about. Woppy jumps from his carronade slide, and dives again to his cabin. She heels over on the other tack, and makes (like a weary bird for her nest) for a part of the shore near a stately fort, at the entrance of the harbour. The master is on the fore-castle. Purl is near Woppy; I looked at them, and saw Purl speaking to him, and saw Woppy wave his hand, as if he was motioning him off.

Suddenly, the master made a signal to Woppy from the fore-castle. The brig was again eagerly and fiercely making for the rocky shore. "Time to go about, sir," cries the master. Purl was running to the tiller to put the helm down, himself, when the Commander roared out "Wait." A pause followed of deadead silence. "Put the helm down," shouted Woppy, with a glaring grin, which I still vividly remember. As if conscious of her danger, the old *Thumper* came readily to the wind; but, in full swoop, she struck, with a shock which threw us all up against each other; the tiller snapped in half like a bit of sugar-stick, and the brig slowly heeled over, hard and fast.

The best "remedial measures" were, of course, taken, with the aid of the squadron in harbour. But, after this, there was no possibility of sending the *Thumper* to the coast of Africa. Her sailing was

spoiled; she was got off, "hove down," and what not; but she never recovered her qualities. Commander Woppy was "invalided;" and the officers and crew dispersed to various ships. They say that Woppy did it "on purpose"—that his family were much annoyed, as it was expected the "Coast" would have finished him—and so forth. I say nothing—except that I hope next time I'm staying at Ditcherton I shall not be called away from my rabbit-shooting to take a Cruise with an Eccentric Gentleman.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

(From the "Book of Scottish Songs"—National Illustrated Library.)

COME, all ye jolly shepherds That whistle through the glen, I'll tell ye of a secret That courtiers dinna ken. What is the greatest bliss That the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie When the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, When the kye come hame, 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.	And the bonnie lucken gowan Has fauld it up his ee. Then the laverock frae the blue lift Draps down, and thinks nae shame To woo his bonnie lassie When the kye come hame. Then the eye shines sae bright, The hail soul to beguile, There's love in every whisper, And joy in every smile. Oh, who would chose a crown, Wi' its perils and its fame, And miss a bonnie lassie When the kye come hame?
'Tis not beneath the burghnet, Nor yet beneath the crown; 'Tis not on couch of velvet, Nor yet on bed of down: 'Tis beneath the spreading birch, In the dell without a name, Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, When the kye come hame.	See yonder pawky shepherd That lingers in the hill— His yowes are in the fauld, And his lambs are lying still; Yet he downa sang to rest, For his heart is in a flame To meet his bonnie lassie When the kye come hame.
There the blackbird bigs his nest For the mate he loves to see; And up upon the tapmost bough, Oh, a happy bird is he! Then he pours his melting ditty, And love 'tis a' the theme, And he'll woo his bonnie lassie When the kye come hame.	Awa' wi' fame and fortune— What comfort can they gie? And a' the arts that prey On man's life and lib' tie. Gie me the highest joy That the heart o' man can frama My bonnie, bonnie lassie, When the kye come hame.

JAMES HOGG.



"THE LOWESTOFT HERRING FISHERY."—DRAWN BY E. DUNCAN

Who'll buy herrings
Fresh and sound?
Who'll buy herrings
By the pound?

By the pound—
Or by the ton—
Fine fresh herrings
Every one!

Who'll buy herrings
Newly caught—
Half a hundred
For a groat?

Fresh, they're wholesome—
Salted, fine—
Good to breakfast,
Or to dine!

Who'll buy herrings?
Here's to spare—
Frugal dainties,
Poor men's fare—

Thanks to Heaven,
For bounties free,
Thanks for herrings
In the sea!



"WHEN THE KYE COME HOME."—DRAWN BY G. DODGSON.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)